The Relief Society Magazine

OL. 31 NO. 4 APRIL 1944

MRS HUBERTA B ROBINSON
1806 A BONITA CALIF
BERKELEY
7 1-2-OCT

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Amy Brown Lyman - - - - - - President
Marcia K. Howells - - - - - First Counselor
Belle S. Spafford - - - - - Second Counselor
Vera W. Pohlman - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Donna D. Sorensen, Vivian R. McConkie, Leda T. Jensen, Rae B. Barker, Nellie O. Parker, Anna S. Barlow, Achsa E. Paxman, Mary G. Judd, Luella N. Adams, Marianne C. Sharp, Anna B. Hart, Gertrude R. Garff, Leona F. Wintch, Edith S. Elliott, Pauline T. Pingree, Alice B. Castleton, Priscilla L. Evans, Florence J. Madsen, Ann P. Nibley, Agnes M. Bolto

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

Vol. 31 APRIL 1944 No. 4

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Spring Silhouette ..... Agnes K. Morgan 193
Easter in Wartime ..... Elder Stephen L Richards 195
"Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?"—Part V ..... President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. 198
Sketch of My Life ..... Eliza R. Snow Smith 207
The Child's Voice and His Early Musical Experiences ..... Florence Jepperson Madsen 215
Rose Growing in the Home Garden ..... Hazel D. Moyle 223

FICTION

The Rock and the River (Part II of Three) ..... Ezra J. Poulsen 226

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 218
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 219
Editorial: Salt Lake Region Welfare Meeting ..... Belle S. Spafford 220
Notes to the Field: Relief Society-Stake Quarterly Conference 222
Notes from the Field: Messages From the Missions ..... General Secretary-Treasurer Vera W. Pohlman 232

POETRY

Spring Silhouette ..... Agnes K. Morgan 193
Music on Easter ..... Christie Lund Coles 206
When We Must Say Goodby ..... Grace Zenor Pratt 214

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741. Ex. 243. Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned **unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.**

MAGAZINE CIRCULATION 68,000

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 31, NO. 4 APRIL 1944

SPRING SILHOUETTE

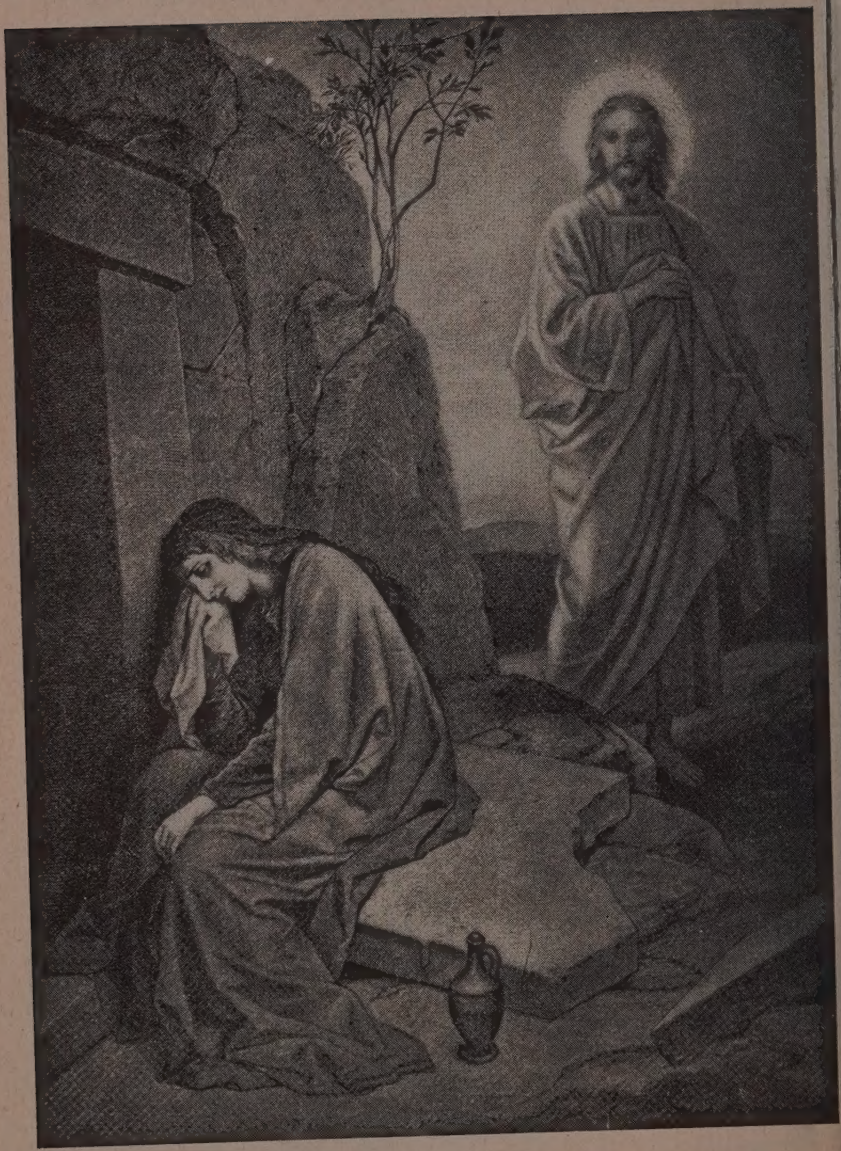
Agnes K. Morgan

Majestic mountains rise to meet the sky
Whose vivid blue is pierced by stately crest;
Sharp cliffs and noble pines in silhouette
Cut strong and clear in azure depths are pressed.

The valley, where the stalwart mountains meet
To blend into the brown and humid earth,
Is teeming with its touch of early green,
And vital half-blown buds are given birth.

In cobalt skies there swells a melody,
As skylarks rise on zenith flight, and then
Comes drifting back a lovely airy song
From golden throat into the hearts of men.

The Cover: The cover picture is from a photograph taken by Norman Smith. Cover arrangements are by Evan Jensen.



Easter In Wartime

Elder Stephen L Richards

Member of the Council of the Twelve

WHEN Easter comes in this sad year of 1944, it will bring a message sorely needed in the homes of the land and the nations of the earth. The message emanates from the central fact in the life and ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ—His resurrection from the grave.

The record of this transcendent event will be recited for us again, how, following His crucifixion and the mutilation of His body, Jesus was taken from the cross and laid in the sepulchre of a friend, there wrapped in burial clothes and His body anointed with embalming spices; how, after such laying away, a stone was placed to close the entrance to the sepulchre and Roman guards stationed to guard it; how, in the early morn of the third day following His cruel death, the stone was rolled away by an angel who so frightened the guards that they ran away in great fear and consternation; how His intimate friends came shortly thereafter to perform further kindly offices for Him and, in astonishment, discovered He was gone; how He first appeared and brought comfort and reassurance to the woman who loved Him and how, thereafter, He established to the satisfaction of other friends and strangers, too, some doubting, the reality of His life after death and the literal fulfillment of His remarkable prophecy, then so vaguely comprehended, that He should be killed, but "he shall rise the third day" (Mark 9:31).

This profoundly impressive story will be retold on Easter Day. There is within it more significance for the life and happiness of man than in any other circumstance of which we have record, unless it be in the account of man's creation as the son of God. It is out of this marvelous event in the life of Jesus that we derive the supreme blessing of humankind, the immortality of the soul, and eternal life with God.

The inestimable blessing of the resurrection inures to all. Every man, woman, and child who has lived or who will live is the beneficiary, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (I Corinthians 15:22). It is interesting to note that in this record no mention is made of any requirement on the part of man to qualify himself to receive the blessing of the resurrection. It will come to all men through the atonement of Christ irrespective of the things they do in life. Everyone will come forth hereafter to receive judgment for the works he has wrought. It is universal. Mention is made of an order in the resurrection of people—some will come forth before others but, in the end, every spirit will be re-

united with an immortal body to constitute an eternal, living soul.

But universal resurrection, all important and beneficent as it is, is not the only boon which comes to humanity through the Savior of the world. A full understanding of His Gospel brings a concept of life after death as vital to the enduring happiness of man as the fact of the resurrection itself. This concept is of comparatively recent origin in the history of Christianity. To the student of Christian doctrine, it must seem strange that its coming was so long delayed.

BEFORE the advent of Joseph Smith there seems to have been no well-defined distinction between what has later been termed *general salvation* and *individual exaltation* in the life to come. There was undoubtedly widespread recognition of the doctrine that men would be rewarded in Heaven for their good deeds in the flesh, but there appears to have been much confusion between the gift of the resurrection brought about by the atonement of Christ and these rewards for individual goodness to which men may look forward. It remained for the Prophet of the last dispensation to bring clarity out of this confusion and to bring understanding to the Savior's statement, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you . . . . that where I am, there ye may be also" (John 14:2-3).

This clarifying revelation was given to the Prophet Joseph in 1832. From it, it was made plain that there are preferential places and stations in the life to come, as there are in this life. The kingdoms or glories into which men may go after the resurrection are therein specified, as are also the conditions which must be fulfilled to enter them. In this and other modern revelations it is made clear that obedience to all the principles of the Gospel of Christ is essential, not as a condition for the resurrection, which comes to all, but as a prerequisite to entrance into the celestial or highest kingdom of the hereafter. It is pointed out that there are gradations of glory or reward for all, according to the lives they lead, but the highest attainment is eternal life in the kingdom where God and Christ dwell. The ordinances and laws of the Gospel are essential for entrance into that kingdom, and it is the function of the established Church of Christ to perform the required ordinances.

The import of this and other latter-day revelations is not that all must belong to the re-established Church of Christ and receive the ordinances in it administered to come forth in the new life of the resurrection and attain what is sometimes called *general salvation* through the grace and the atonement of the Savior, but that acceptance of the restored Gospel and obedience thereto are indispensable to the attainment of the highest glory in the hereafter available to man. On the assumption that it is natural for every man to want the best, he can achieve that ambition only by complying with the rules by which it is attainable. So today, the members of the Church of Christ give thanks to Almighty God not only for the immeasurable gift of immortality through the resur-

rection, but also for the incomparably beautiful and desirable prospect of exaltation in the celestial kingdom through the Gospel of the Son of God.

How sorely the world needs today the blessings which come from these eternal Gospel truths. We are engaged in a great and cruel war. So universal are its demands that there is scarcely a family which has not someone in the country's service. Every day, new lists of casualties come, more boys are killed, wounded, and maimed, and more hearts are broken. As the days go on, these sorrows will increase. Every week, for how long a time nobody knows, will bring more widows, more orphans, more bereaved mothers and fathers, and sad sweethearts. This is the awful penalty of war. It always has been and it always will be.

If a great grief comes to your home, you will need help. Nothing is more precious than one's own flesh and blood, and the loss of a manly son, a devoted husband, or father, or a life mate-to-be is not easily requited. Kinspeople, good friends, and neighbors may come to bring you sympathy, love, and kindness. This will help, but it will not be enough. You will tell yourself that he died in a great cause—in the service of his country. You will convince yourself that it was a noble sacrifice. You will be proud of him, but your heart will still ache and you will have an irrepressible longing once more to see his face, to hear his voice, and have his arms around you and feel again the warmth and tenderness of his loving embrace. Surely you will need help.

I KNOW of one source only from which that help may be secured. It is from this selfsame Jesus who gave His life for others and, on the third day, took it up again. Even with His help you will still weep, but you will not weep in vain. If you will let Him, He will take away all bitterness from your loss. He will touch your broken heart and it will mend, not all at once, perhaps, but gradually and surely. If you will listen to the voice of His Spirit and His holy Word, He will convince you that your loved one is not lost but only separated from you for a time, and that you may confidently look forward to a happy companionship in the not-too-distant future where there will be no more war, no more cruelty, and no more sad partings from those we love.

It is true that it is necessary that you make preparation for such a glad reunion, but you will know, if you listen to Him, what you are to do, and you will have the joyful assurance that His promises do not fail. This is the comfort and the hope that all of us so sorely need in the days of trial here and ahead. This is the comfort which the One who knew sorrow better than any other left with His disciples to heal their grieving hearts and the broken hearts of all who should come after them.

Thank the Lord that comfort is free—free to everyone who will seek it. Rich or poor, the powerful or humble of the earth—all need it when sorrow comes and all may receive it, if they will open their hearts to the divine Spirit that emanates from Him who was the first fruit of the resurrection.

"Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?"

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

V—THE FIRST DAY OF THE FEAST OF UNLEAVENED BREAD

THE dawn of the next morning after the eating of the Paschal lamb would usher in at the Temple the ceremonies incident to the first day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread. Just before the break of day the priests would assemble in the Hall of Polished Stones and begin to draw lots for the ceremonies of the day.[193] The priests of the *first lot* would finish their duties. The *second lot* would then be drawn, whereupon a priest would ascend a "pinnacle" of the Temple to catch the first light of the morning. This lookout might have been from some point atop the southern enclosure, the Royal Porch, which overlooked the Valley of the Kedron whose floor was some 450 feet below the lofty pinnacle.

Some[194] fix the top of this Porch as the "pinnacle" from which Satan bade the Savior cast himself down "for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."[195]

The priest observer sent to the pinnacle would, at the first sign of the morning light, announce, "The morning shineth already." Those below would then ask, "Is the sky lit up as far as Hebron?"—a city and mountain some twenty miles southward from Jerusalem. When the watcher announced the sky was so lit, the morning sacrifice was brought from Beth-Moked and prepared for the morning ceremony.

It was at Hebron that Abraham's wife, Sarah, was buried in the cave of Machpelah;[196] David reigned over Israel from Hebron before he took Jerusalem;[197] and here Absalom set himself up as king, having rebelled against his father.[198]

As already stated,[199] the morning and evening sacrifices were essentially the same, and as the latter has been already described, it is unnecessary to repeat that description here in detail.

Public Sacrifices

Following the morning sacrifice, there were on this first day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread several public sacrifices, all burnt offerings, in which only the priest officiated. The ceremonies incident to burnt offerings have been already described in connection with Joseph's sacrifice of the ram on the previous

193/ *The Temple*, p. 130, ff. 194/ *The Temple*, p. 21. 195/ Matt. 4:1-11; Mark 1:12-13; Luke 4:1-13. 196/ Gen. 23:19. 197/ II Sam. 5:4-5. 198/ *ibid.* 15. 199/ See Article III, February *Magazine*.

PRIEST HIGH PRIEST LEVITE

The High Priest's dress consisted of a blue wool coat with seventy-two golden bells on the hem. The *ephod* was of linen wrought in gold and purple secured on each shoulder by an onyx stone engraved with the names of six of the tribes of Israel. The *breastplate of judgment*, a piece of cloth eleven inches square, had four rows of precious stones with the name of one of the twelve tribes on each stone. In this breastplate was the Urim and Thummim. The *mitre*, of linen, had on the front a gold plate with the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord."

day, Nisan 14th.[200] The public sacrifices offered at this time were specified as follows:

> But ye shall offer a sacrifice made by fire for a burnt offering unto the Lord; two young bullocks, and one ram, and seven lambs of the first year: they shall be unto you without blemish:
>
> And their meat offering shall be of flour mingled with oil: three tenth deals shall ye offer for a bullock, and two tenth deals for a ram;
>
> A several tenth deal shalt thou offer for every lamb, throughout the seven lambs;
>
> And one goat for a sin offering, to make an atonement for you.[201]

Attention may be called to certain differences between the burnt offering already described and the *sin* offering.

Sin Offerings

It may be first said that *sin* offerings were made for sins "through ignorance" or "involuntary sins"[202] not for those which were deliberate or premeditated, that is, that were done "presumptuously."[203] For these latter, no *atonement* seems to have been provided, and the doer thereof was to be "cut off from among his people,"[204] and must await the judgment of God.[205]

Furthermore, as Edersheim says:

> But as without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin, every service and every worshiper had, so to speak, to be purified by blood, and the mediatorial agency of the priesthood called in to bring near unto God, and to convey the assurance of acceptance.[206]

200/ See January *Magazine*, p. 9 ff. 201/ Numb. 28:19-22. 202/ Von Orelli in Schaff-Herzog *Religious Encyclopedia*, sub voce "Sacrifice". 203/ Numb. 15:30. 204/ *ibid.* 15:30-31. 205/ *The Temple*, p. 101. 206/ *The Temple*, p. 82; Lev. 17:10 ff.; Heb. 9:22.

Von Orelli tells us:

> The actual slaughtering of the victim was merely to obtain the blood, not to inflict upon the victim the penalty merited by the sinner, the essential basis of the act being the forfeiture of an animal instead of a human life to the Deity.
>
> In the sin offering, moreover, the blood is not merely important, as in the burnt offering and the communal meal, but the one essential; and the sin offerings are, accordingly, invariably bloody, except in the case of the very poor."[207]

The *sin* offering being, on this occasion, a public one, the goat offered must be a male.

"Outer" and "Inner" Offerings

The strictness of the life to be led by the Jews is shown by the fact that the Rabbis specified some 369 "sins through ignorance" for which sacrifices must be made.[208]

In implementing the foregoing principles covering the importance and significance of the blood of the sacrifice, sin offerings were classed as "outer" and "inner."

The "outer" offering seems to have been offered for the individual only, in which case the blood was "jerked or dropped," or "smeared" *on the horns of the altar of burnt offering*, first on the southeast horn, then on the northeast, then on the northwest, and lastly on the southwest, and what was left of the blood was poured out at the base of the altar where it drained off through conduits to the Valley of the Kedron.

The "inner" sin offering was made (*inter alia*) for the entire people, and here the blood was used as follows: The officiating priest stood *in the Holy Place*, between the golden altar of incense and the candlestick, and either seven times sprinkled the blood *towards* the veil that separated the Holy Place from the Holy of Holies, or seven times sprinkled the blood *on* the veil, following which he "touched" or "smeared" with the blood the horns of the golden altar of incense, the blood remaining was poured out at the foot of the altar of burnt offering.[209]

Before the ram was killed there was to be an imposition of hands by the officiating priest, after the manner already described for the burnt offering offered by Joseph.

Parts Burned

According to the direct commandments of the Lord,[210] all the fat of certain sin offerings, "the fat that covers and is upon the inwards, the two kidneys and the fat that is upon them, and the caul above the liver," were to be burned on the altar of burnt offering, while "the skin of the bullock, and all his flesh, with his head, and with his legs, and his inwards, and his dung" were to be burned outside the city. In some cases, however, the sin offering might be eaten by the priests.[211]

We may feel that on this, the most important day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread, as distinguished from the Passover, the faithful Joseph, again with the youth Jesus with him, would be at the Temple to observe the public sacrifices. Indeed, it would be the obligation of Jesus, now a "son of the law," to at-

---

207/ Von Orelli, *op. cit.* 208/ *The Temple*, p. 102. 209/ Ex. 29:12; Lev. 6; *The Temple*, p. 104; Von Orelli, *op. cit.* 210/ Lev. 4:8 ff. 211/ Lev. 6:25-26.

tend the Feast.[212] We may think that Jesus would be interested particularly in the offering of the *sin* sacrifice which, as we have seen, differed in some particulars from the ordinary burnt offering which he had seen on the previous day, and, furthermore, because of the "atonement" purpose of the sacrifice.

Offering a Peace Offering

Moreover, unless Joseph had offered the "Chagigah" on the day before (14th Nisan) Jesus would not have seen the making of a peace offering, including the "waving" and the "heaving" ceremonies. So we may assume that Jesus, having witnessed the *sin* offering, would be eagerly awaiting the ceremony of the peace offerings which Joseph had come prepared to make.

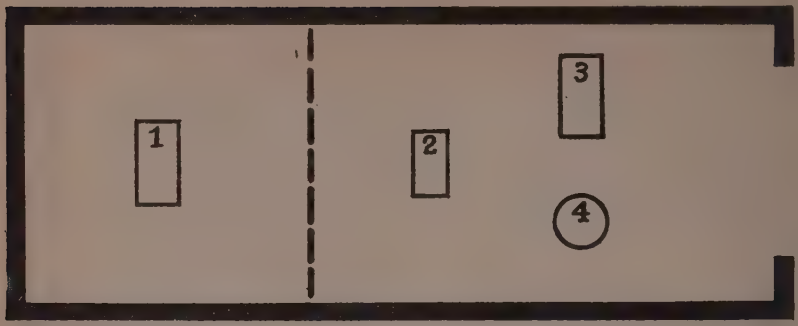
One cannot forego again wondering what might have passed through the mind of the youth Jesus. Did He know that this day was the preanniversary of the day, some twenty-one years thence, when He should be again in these precincts, hurried and harried from Annas to Caiaphas, then to the illegal gathering of elders, to the Sanhedrin, to Pilate, to Herod, and back to Pilate, and then to Calvary and crucifixion; did He now know the scorn, the envy, the malice, the murderous hate that drove forward the High Priest, the chief priests, the elders, and all the Council, and indeed the whole maddened multitude in their demand for His crucifixion; did He see Pilate wash his hands before the seething, cursing mass, and hear Pilate say: "I am innocent of the blood of this just person," and hear the people shout in reply: "His blood be on us, and on our children";[213] did He now sense the agony of spirit in the Garden, and of the body on the cross—did He know and see all this which twenty-one years thence was to happen on this very day and in these very purlieus? Did His own mission, His own destiny, His own sacrifice, His own atonement rise before Him as a vision of Himself, the Son of God?

Private Sacrifices

But returning to the Temple: following the making of the public offerings just described, the private individuals brought their offerings. These were of three kinds: First, a burnt offering of small value (apparently effort was made to keep these offerings from being unduly burdensome on the poor); next the "Chagigah" offering for the 15th of Nisan, also of relatively small value; and lastly, what were called "sacrifices of joyousness." This last and the "Chagigah" were "peace offerings," and were also burnt offerings. They were made under the command: "Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which he hath given thee."[214]

It would appear that the sacrifices were offered under the general plan already given for burnt offerings, that is, there was first the imposition of hands by the offerer, who would slay it as in the normal burnt offering, and the priests would sprinkle the blood in the same way. Then the same parts that were burned on the altar of burnt offering in the sin offering, would be burned on the

212/ See N. 6, *supra*. 213/ Matt. 27:24-25. 214/ Deut. 16:17.



Drawing by Evan Jensen

HOLY OF HOLIES HOLY PLACE

(1) The Ark of the Covenant; Dotted line, the veil;
(2) The Altar of Incense; (3) The Table of Shewbread;
(4) The Golden Candlestick.

The Ark of the Covenant—The Ark of the Covenant was an oblong chest made of shittim-wood, and covered within and without with the purest gold, with an ornamental rim or border on the top. Its breadth was more than thirty inches, the same in depth, and three feet and a half in length. On each side were two gold rings for the gold-covered staves by which it was removed, and which were not withdrawn from their places. They were drawn out so far as to touch the veil which separated the apartments. The lid of the Ark was of purest gold: above it were two figures of cherubim, made of solid gold, so placed that their faces turned towards each other, and were inclined toward the Ark. Between these cherubim rested the Shechinah, or the manifestation of the presence of God; its appearance was that of a luminous cloud. There was in the Ark the two tables of stone, called "The Testimony" on which the ten commandments were graven. Before the Ark was placed a pot of manna and Aaron's rod that budded. Atop the lid of the Ark was the so-called "mercy seat" or "propitiatory." The Ark disappeared with the Babylonish captivity. A Jewish tradition says it is "buried and concealed underneath the wood-court at the northeastern angle of the 'Court of Women'" (Temple p. 37). There was no Ark in the second Temple (Zerubbabel's) nor in Herod's Temple, but instead "The stone of foundation stood where the Ark used to be" (Davies in 4 Hastings *Dictionary of the Bible, sub voce* "Temple," p. 711). "Once a year on the Day of Atonement the High Priest alone entered the Holy of Holies to bring the blood of the sin-offerings into contact with the propitiatory" (Kennedy in 4 Hastings *Dictionary of the Bible, sub voce* "Tabernacle," p. 661). For the detail of the ceremony, see Hastings *Bible Dictionary sub voce* "Atonement."

The Table of Shewbread—It was a table of shittim-wood, about three feet and a half in length, twenty inches broad, and about thirty inches in height, covered with plates of gold, and ornamented with a border of wrought gold. The frame of the table had a cornice or border round about it, about four inches in width, called its crown; and a similar border was underneath the top. There were also gold rings fastened to the legs, for the insertion of the staves to carry it. Twelve loaves of unleavened bread were continually on this table, each containing about ten pints of flour. They were placed in two piles, (or, as some say, in rows) and on top of each pile was a small quantity of frankincense and salt. These loaves were changed every week, when the frankincense was burned

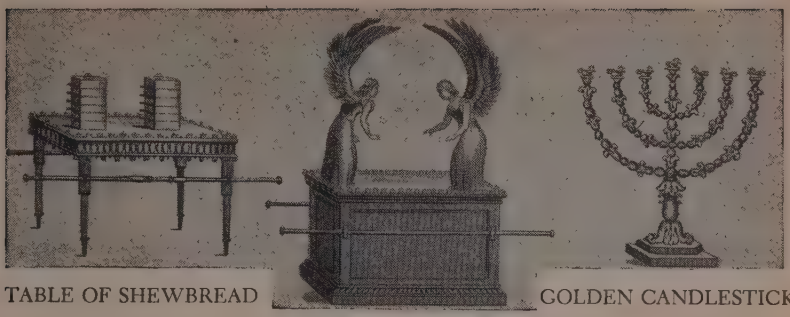
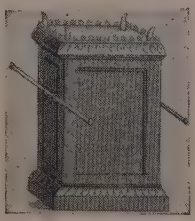


TABLE OF SHEWBREAD GOLDEN CANDLESTICK

ARK OF THE COVENANT

as an oblation. The name given to them in the original means "bread of the face," because it was placed before the presence of Jehovah. Wine was also placed upon this table in small bowls, or cups, called vials, which was weekly "poured out before the Lord."



ALTAR OF INCENSE

nected with this lamp-stand were tongs and snuffdishes: the former were probably in the form of scissors, to clip off the snuff and remove it into the dish. The candlestick was carried off by the Romans under Titus in A.D. 70 at the destruction of Jerusalem.

The Golden Candlestick—The large lamp-holder was made of pure gold, the main stem, according to the Jewish writers, being five feet high. Its weight was a talent, or 125 pounds; although as Josephus asserts, it was hollow within, and must therefore have been of considerable size. It had six branches, parallel with each other: at the end of each branch, and at the top of the main stem, was a lamp. The stem and each branch were ornamented with a bowl, knop, and flowers of lilies. All the seven lights were kept burning in the night; but it is said only three were used in the daytime. The lamps were supplied with the purest olive-oil; procured, not by the common method of pressure, but by bruising or beating the olives, while yet somewhat green, in a mortar. Con-

The Altar of Incense—This altar was made of shittim-wood, twenty-one inches in length, the same in breadth, and three feet and a half in height. It was ornamented and plated with gold, and hence was called the golden altar. It had an ornamental border of gold, and four small horns at the corners. There were at the sides rings for the staves, by which it was carried. While the incense was burning on this altar night and morning, it was customary for the worshipers who were standing without to offer their prayers in silence. The priest was strictly enjoined not to offer "strange incense," that is, any other than the sacred composition, upon the golden altar.

The pictures and most of the descriptions are taken from *The New Biblical Atlas and Scripture Gazeteer*, 1855.

altar in this offering.[215] These, with the blood, were considered as Jehovah's portion.[216]

"Wave" and "Heave" Offerings

However, the carcass of the offerings was disposed of as were other "wave" and "heave" offerings.[217] These offerings are described by Zenos as follows:

> The term "wave offering" and "heave offering" are applied to the priests' portion, and denote a peculiar ceremony consisting in the holding of the right shoulder of the victim horizontally and moving it forward toward the altar and backward away from the altar, in order to signify that the part was J(ehovah)'s, but was given back to the priests by Him. Similarly, the term "heave offering" signifies the moving of the breast of the animal upward and then downward, in token of presenting it to God as His, and receiving it again as a gift from Him.[218]

That part of the carcass, not burned nor heaved nor waved belonged to the offerer and was to be eaten with joyousness within two days and one night from the time of the sacrifice; all not so consumed was to be burned. Edersheim comments: "In peace-offerings the sacrificial meal was the point of main importance," for "this was, indeed, a season of happy fellowship with the Covenant God, in which He condescended to become Israel's Guest at the sacrificial meal, even as He was always their Host."[219]

So, as on the previous day, Joseph and Jesus having now finished their offerings, would again proceed to their lodgings, carrying with them their portions of the peace-offerings, both of the "Chagigah" and of the "offering of joyousness." We seem to have no record of any ritual to be followed at this meal, but as Edersheim states, it must be one of happy fellowship.

The offering of these sacrifices on the second day of the whole feast, though on the first day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread, completed the attendance which was required of worshipers at the Temple. They might, if they wished, return to their homes.[220]

Gathering and Offering the "First Sheaf"

One other public ceremony of this first day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread should be described—that of the gathering of the "first sheaf."[221] Until this was gathered it was not lawful either to sell or to eat the crop of fresh barley now ripening in the fields.[222]

On the preceding day—Nisan 14th, the day of the Passover—representatives of the Sanhedrin had gone into the barley fields (the sheaf must not be taken from gardens) and had tied into bundles the standing grain that was to be cut as the "first sheaf." The grain to be cut must be grown in ground that was not manured, nor watered artificially; it must have been plowed in the preceding autumn and planted seventy days before the Passover.

On the 15th of Nisan—the first day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread—as twilight came on, three priests, usually accompanied by a noisy, joyous crowd, would leave the Temple precincts, cross the Kedron, into the fields of barley and the

---

215/ Lev. 3:1 ff. 216/ Zenos, sub voce "Sacrifice". 217/ Lev. 7:29 ff. 218/ Zenos, *op. cit.* 219/ *The Temple*, p. 106. 220/ Edersheim I, p. 246. 221/ Lev. 23:10 ff. 222/ Lev. 23:14; *The Temple*, p. 222; Josephus *Antiq.* III, 10:5-6.

bundles that had been tied the previous evening. Apparently the fields in the Ashes-valley across the Kedron were chosen for this purpose. Each priest had a sickle, and a basket. As soon as the sun went down (which by Jewish reckoning made it Nisan 16th), the priests asked five questions, repeating each three times: "Has the sun gone down?"; "With this sickle?"; "Into this basket?"; "On the Sabbath (or first Passover day)?"; "Shall I reap?" The multitude answering these questions in the affirmative each time, the priests cut the grain tied into bundles on the previous day, to the amount of a little over three-quarters of a bushel (three pecks three pints).

Josephus describes the ceremony as follows:

> But on the second day of unleavened bread, which is the sixteenth day of the month, they first partake of the fruits of the earth, for before that day they do not touch them. And while they suppose it proper to honor God from whom they obtain a plentiful provision, in the first place they offer the first-fruits of their barley, and that in the manner following: they take an handful of the ears, and dry them, then beat them small, and purge the barley from the bran; they then bring one-tenth deal to the altar, to God; and casting one handful of it upon the fire, they leave the rest for the use of the priest. And after this it is that they may publicly or privately reap their harvest. They also at this participation of the first-fruits of the earth, sacrifice a lamb, as a burnt offering to God.[223]

To these details, Edersheim adds others as follows: that the grain was threshed with canes or stalks in the Court of the Temple; that after threshing, the grain was "parched" in a pan perforated with holes so that every grain was touched by the fire; that then the grain was exposed to the breeze; that the grain was ground in a mill;[224] that according to some authorities, the flour was passed through thirteen sieves, each finer than the other, while another authority says it was sieved until no part of it remained on the hands of the tester as he thrust his hands into the flour; that while as stated three pecks three pints (one ephah, ten omers, or three seahs) were harvested and threshed, only one omer (five and one-tenth pints) was offered in the Temple, and the balance could "be redeemed and used for any purpose." The omer to be used in the Temple was mixed with a "log" of oil (nearly three-fourths of a pint), to which was added a handful of frankincense, then from this mixture, after it was waved before the Lord, a handful was burned on the altar and the balance belonged to the priest.[225]

The Evening of the Sacrifice

It is an inescapable reflection[226] that on the evening of the crucifixion—twenty-one years from this night—two groups on very different errands, would be engaged in ritual ceremonies: the one, the priests, with their noisy crowd, would be surging across the Kedron to Ashes-valley to reap the "first sheaf"; the other, the small grief-stunned group carrying the lifeless mortal body of Christ to the garden-tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. For Joseph and Nicodemus, both Sanhedrists, both secret disciples of the living Christ, but

223/ *Antiq.* III, 10:5. 224/ *The Temple*, p. 223 ff. 225/ *The Temple*, p. 221; Edersheim II, p. 615, ff.; Geikie, II, p. 575.

without courage to follow Him in life, now in death touched by a deeper faith, bravely, openly, lovingly, reverently would be carrying the mortal body of the Son of God to His burial. And after the sun had gone and the twilight deepened, when the "first sheaf" had been garnered and the rock had been rolled up to close the mouth of the tomb, each group would wend its way homeward—the priests with their shouting, laughing, merrymaking multitude, bearing torches to light their way, back across the Kedron to the Temple Courts to thresh, grind, mix, and offer the offering of the first fruits of the harvest; Joseph and Nicodemus, and the women who had gone with them, without torch, slowly stumbling over the uneven stones, weeping, their hearts in the tomb they had left, back from the garden into the narrow, crooked streets of Jerusalem to their sorrow-burdened homes, never again to be gladdened by His presence. For these, the sinking of the sun in the west had seemed to carry along into the darkness the inner light by which they had been guiding their lives.

As Eidersheim says:

> The contrast is as sad as it is suggestive. And yet, not in the Temple, nor by the priest, but in the silence of that garden-tomb, was the first Omer of the new Paschal flour to be waved before the Lord.[226]

Still again we must wonder whether as the shadows lengthened and the sun sank in the west, while the full moon rose from over the Jordan, as Joseph and Jesus again plodded, after another long day, to their lodgings in the city, in Bethany, or it may be in Bethlehem, did the Youth see and know, on this pre-anniversary of a day yet to come, the grief He was to suffer, the spiritual and physical agony He was to endure, the death that was to come to Him, as He was sacrificed as the Lamb of God to atone for the transgression of Adam, for by the fall and through the atonement man was to meet his destiny?

(*To be continued*)

226/ Edersheim II, p. 619.

MUSIC ON EASTER

Christie Lund Coles

Music is as much a part of Easter as the sunlight after dark;
Or the far, blue width of sky beyond the lark.

Music says all on Easter that words cannot,
When we recall an empty tomb and a world bought.

Its warm strains rise like tears from a full heart—
It sings the hope of Easter of which it is a part.

Sketch Of My Life

Eliza R. Snow Smith

CHAPTER II

IN the Spring of 1838, when through persecution, the Saints were compelled to leave Kirtland, with my father's family I moved to Adam-ondi-Ahman,[1] Daviess Co. Mo., where we arrived on, or about the last of July. But our stay was short—a fierce mob violence, with which all departments of the State authorities, civil, judicial, and military participated, so soon manifested itself, that before the year closed, in submission to the Governor's order, we moved from Daviess Co., to Caldwell; and, on the 5th of March, started enroute for Illinois.

A few days before leaving Adam-ondi-Ahman, the former owner of the house, for which my father had paid in full, came in, and impudently enquired how soon we should be out of it. My American blood warmed to the temperature of an insulted, free-born American citizen as I looked at him and thought, *poor man; you little know with whom you have to deal—God lives.* He certainly over-ruled in that instance, for the original owners of two homesteads which my father paid for, although they had made arrangements for mobbing us, previous to the purchase, never regained possession.

The Governor gave us ten days' notice to prepare and leave Daviess County, and in the meantime, subservient to his order a posse of Militia was to remain in the vicinity, ostensibly to protect the Saints; but we could not decide which was most to be dreaded, the Militia or the mob—no property was safe within the reach of either.

It was December and very cold when we left our home, and, after assisting in the morning arrangements for the journey, in order to warm my aching feet, I started on foot and walked until the teams came up. When about two miles out, I met one of the so-called Militia who accosted me with, "Well, I think this will cure you of your faith." Looking him squarely in the eye, I replied, "No, Sir, it will take more than this to cure me of my faith." His countenance dropped, and he responded, "I must confess you are a better soldier than I am." I passed on, thinking that, unless he was above the average of his fellows in that section, I was not complimented by his confession.

In recording the following incident, I wish to perpetuate the remembrance of the only expression of sympathy which, to my knowledge, was uttered by the former citizens of Mo. in our behalf, from the commencement of our persecutions in that State, till our final expulsion. On our outward journey, after a night of rain, which changed to snow and covered the ground in the morning, we thawed our tent which was stiffly frozen, by holding and turning it alternately before a blazing fire, until it could be folded for

[1] See Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 116.

ADAM-ONDI-AHMAN

Thirty acres of land, including the whole of this hill on which are the ruins of the altar of Adam, have recently been purchased by the Church.

packing, and, while we all shivered and shook with cold, we started. As the sun mounted upwards the snow melted and increased the depth of the mud, with which the road before us was previously amply stocked, and rendered travel almost impossible. The teams were puffing and the wagons dragging so heavily that we were all on foot, tugging along as best we could, when an elderly gentleman on horseback overtook us, and after riding along-side for some time, apparently absorbed in deep thought, as he (after enquiring who we were) with apparent interest, watched women and girls, men and boys, teams and wagons slowly winding their way up a long hill, enroute from our only earthly homes, with no prospect before us, he said emphatically, "*If I were in your places, I should want the Governor of the State hitched at the head of my teams.*" I afterwards remarked to my father that I had not heard as sensible remark from a stranger since entering the State. In my memory, from that time to this, I have cherished a filial respect for that gentleman, and fancy I see a striking resemblance of him in the portrait of Sir Von Humboldt, now hanging on the wall in front of me.

We arrived in Quincy, Illinois, where many of the exiled Saints had preceded us, and all were received with generous hospitality.

My father moved to one of the northern Counties, I stopped in Quincy, and while there wrote for the Press several articles, for which I received many encomiums, with urgent solicitations for effusions, which, probably were elicited by the fact that my articles were produc-

tions from the pen of a *"Mormon girl."*

From Quincy, my sister, her two daughters and I went to Lima, Hancock Co., where we found a temporary home under the roof of an old veteran of the Revolution, who, with his family, treated us with much kindness; although through ignorance of the character of the Saints, their feelings were like gall towards them, which we knew to be the result of misrepresentation. Occupying as we did, an upper room with a slight flooring between us and the occupants below, we were obliged to hear bitter aspersions against those whom we knew to be the best people on earth. Frequently our host, after vilely traducing our people, of whom he knew nothing, suddenly changed his tone and boasted of the "two noble women" he had in his house—"no better women ever lived," etc., which he would have said of the "Mormons" generally, had he made their acquaintance. We were pilgrims, and for the time had to submit to circumstances. Almost anything innocent is preferable to dependence—with these people we could earn our support at the tailoring business: thanks to my mother's industrial training, for which, even now I bless her dear memory.

IN May, the Saints commenced gathering in Commerce, (afterwards Nauvoo) and on the 16th of July following, I left our kind host and hostess, much to their regret, Elder Rigdon having sent for me to teach his family school in Commerce, and, although I regretted the separation from my sister, I was truly thankful to be again associated with the body of the Church.

The location of the city of Nauvoo was beautiful, but the climate was so unhealthy that several efforts had been made to build it up, and as many times abandoned. It seemed to have been held in reserve to meet the occasion, for none but Saints full of faith, and trusting in the power of God, could have established that city. Through the blessings of our Heavenly Father on the indefatigable exertions of the Saints, it was not long before Nauvoo excited the envy and jealousy of many of the adjacent inhabitants, and, as *"the accuser of the brethren"* never sleeps, we had many difficulties to meet which ultimately culminated in the most bitter persecution.

To narrate what transpired within the seven years, in which we built and occupied Nauvoo, the beautiful, would fill many volumes. That is a history that never will, and never can "repeat itself." Some of the most important events of my life transpired within that brief term, in which I was married, and in which my husband, Joseph Smith, the Prophet of God, *sealed his testimony with his blood!*

* * * *

When in March, 1842, Joseph Smith, assisted by some of the leading Elders, organized the "Female Relief Society of Nauvoo," I was present, and was appointed Secretary of the Institution. In the following summer, I accompanied Mrs. Emma Smith, the President, to Quincy, Illinois, with a Petition signed by several hundred members of the Society, praying His Excellency, Governor Carlin, for protection from illegal suits then pending

THE OLD SMITH HOME AT NAUVOO

against the Prophet, Joseph Smith. We met with a very cordial reception—presented our petition, which the Governor received with manifestations of sympathetic sincerity, pledging his word and honor that he would use his influence to protect Mr. Smith, whose innocence he fully acknowledged. But alas! soon after our return, we learned that at the time of our visit, and while making protestations of friendship, the wily Governor was secretly conniving with the basest of men to destroy our leaders.

The awful tragedy of the 27th of June, 1844, is a livid, burning, scathing stain on our national escutcheon. To look upon the noble, lifeless forms of those brothers, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, lying side by side, after having been brought home from Carthage, where they had been slaughtered in their manhood and in their innocence, was a sight that might well appal the heart of a true American citizen: but, what it was for loving wives and children, the loyal heart may *feel*, but let *language keep silence!*

This scene occurred in America, "The land of the free, and the home of the brave," to which our ancestors fled for religious freedom—where the "*Dear old Flag*" yet waves; and under which not one effort has been made by the authorities of either County, State, or General Government, to bring the perpetrators of that notorious murder to justice. The expulsion of the Saints from the State of Ill., soon followed after

the deaths of the Prophet and Patriarch.

On my first arrival in Nauvoo, (then Commerce) I resided in the family of Elder Rigdon—taught his family school—was with his mother (who lived with him) at her death —attended her funeral on the 6th of Oct., the first Conference held in Ill. In the following winter my father came for me—I went home with him—found my mother suffering from hardships and exposures through mobocracy. The next Spring my father moved to La-harpe, 30 ms. from Nauvoo—remained there one year, then moved to Nauvoo. My home was with the family until father exchanged his home for one in Walnut Grove, 75 ms. from Nauvoo; a settlement where a Stake of the Church had been appointed. After my parents moved, I lived with the Prophet's first wife, and taught a school of 65 scholars. Before its close, I went and boarded with brother and sister Holmes for a short time, and previous to the exodus of the Saints from Ill. I lived in the family of Col. Stephen Markham. Much of the winter of 1845-6 I spent officiating in the Temple—the upper part of which was sufficiently completed for administering the sacred ordinances of the holy Priesthood as God had revealed them.

ON the 13th of Feb. 1846, with sister Markham, I crossed the Mississippi on a ferry-boat, and joined the camp of the Saints, three miles from the river, where we found wood and water in abundance. I was informed that on the first night of the encampment of those who preceded us, nine children were ushered into the world; and from that time, as we journeyed, mothers gave birth to offspring under almost every variety of circumstances except those to which they had been accustomed—in tents and wagons—in rain-storms, and in snow-storms. I heard of one birth occurring in the rude shelter of a hut—the sides formed of blankets fastened to poles stuck in the ground—a bark roof, through which the rain was dripping: Kind sisters held dishes and caught the water—thus protecting the mother and her little darling from a shower-bath on its entrance to the stage of human existence. Had not this, as well as many others, been a case of necessity, no other result than death could have been anticipated, to both mother and child.

Let it be remembered that the mothers referred to, were not savages, accustomed to roam the forest and brave the storm and tempest—those who had never known the comforts and delicacies of civilization and refinement. They were not those who, in the wilds of nature, nursed their offspring amid reeds and rushes, or in the obscure recesses of rocky caverns. Most of them were born and educated in the Eastern States—had there embraced the Gospel as taught by Jesus and His Apostles, and for its sake had gathered with the Saints; and under trying circumstances, assisted by their faith, energies and patience in making Nauvoo what its name indicates, "*The Beautiful.*" There they had lovely homes—decorated with flowers, and enriched with choice fruit trees, just beginning to yield plentifully. To these homes, without lease or sale, they had bid a final adieu, and, with what little of their

NAUVOO MANSION—LAST HOME OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

substance could be packed into one, two, and perhaps in a few instances, three wagons, had started out desertward, for where? To this question, the only response at that time was, *God knows.*

From the 13th to the 18th several snow-storms occurred, and the cold was so intense as to bridge the Mississippi river sufficiently for the passage of heavily loaded wagons. The men built huge fires, and when not necessarily otherwise engaged, warmed themselves around the crackling blaze. The women, when the labors of cooking and other *etceteras* did not prompt them outside, huddled with their small children, into wagons and carriages for protection from chilling breezes.

My dormitory, sitting-room, writing office, and frequently dining-room, was the buggy in which Mrs. Markham, her little son David, and I rode. With the best I could do for myself, I frosted my feet which occasioned me considerable inconvenience for several weeks.

On the 28th we moved out. Previous to breaking camp, (all who designed traveling in the first company had crossed the river, numbering from six to seven hundred), they were partially organized into tens, fifties, and hundreds, which was afterwards completed for the order of traveling; with Captains, Pioneers, Superintendents, and Commissioners, to each hundred, and Captains over each fifty, and ten.

We traveled four miles and put up for the night when the prospect, at first sight was dreary enough. It was nearly sun-set—very cold, with four or five inches of snow on the ground: but with brave hearts, strong hands, and plenty of spades and shovels, the men removed the snow, and suddenly transformed the bleak desert into a joyous town

of cloth houses with log-heap fires, and a multitude of cheerful inhabitants. The next day the Nauvoo Band came up, and its stirring strains were wafted abroad and re-echoed on the responsive breeze.

From time to time, companies of men either volunteered or were detailed from the journeying camps, and by going off the route, found jobs of work, and obtained food for the people and grain for the teams. As we passed through a town on the Des Moines, the inhabitants manifested as much curiosity as though viewing a menagerie of wild beasts. Their levity and apparent heartlessness was proof of profound ignorance. How little did they comprehend our movement and the results which the Almighty had in view!

On the 2nd of March we again moved forward, and our encampment this night may truly be recorded as a miracle on natural principles, and yet, very strikingly peculiar—a city reared in a few hours, and everything in operation that *living* required, and many additional ones, which, if not extravagances were conveniences. The next day, great numbers of people in companies were in from the adjacent country patrolling our anonymous streets, viewing our unique city, with astonishment visible in their countenances. In the evening sister Markham and I took a stroll abroad, and in the absence of street names, and tent Nos. we lost our way, and had to be piloted within sight of our own domicile.

At this point Col. Markham exchanged our buggy for a lumber wagon, in order to assist others in carrying freight; and in performing this act of generosity, so filled the wagon, as to give us barely room to sit in front. This wagon, with bags piled on bags, was my sleeping room —the family lodged in other wagons and in a tent. Instead of comfort, necessity was the order of the move, and the best faculty for adaptation to circumstances, the best inheritance. We were thankful to be so well off—fleeing from persecution, we were in pursuit of a land of peace. The mob in the vicinity of Nauvoo, knowing that I wielded the pen, had threatened my life, lest, as they said, I should write about the tragic scene at Carthage. Although I had neither fear nor dread of death, I felt as I expressed in the following:

LET US GO

* * * *

Let us go—let us go to the wilds for a home
Where the wolf and the roe and the buffalo roam—
Where beneath our own vines, we in peace, may enjoy
The fruits of our labors, with none to annoy.

Let us go—let us go where our Rights are secure—
Where the waters are clear and the atmosphere pure—
Where the hand of oppression has never been felt—
Where the blood of the prophets has never been spilt.

Let us go—let us go where the Kingdom of God
Will be seen in its Order extending abroad—
Where the Priesthood of heaven, unopposed will go forth
In the regeneration of man and of earth.

* * * *

When we started again, Mrs. M. [Markham] and I were seated on a chest with bran-kettle and soap-box for our foot-stools, and were happy, and well might be, in comparison with some of our sisters who walked all day, rain or shine, and at night prepared supper for their families, with no sheltering tents; and then made their beds in, and under wagons that contained their earthly all. Frequently with intense sympathy and admiration I watched the mother when, forgetful of her own fatigue and destitution, she took unwearied pains to fix up in the most palatable form the allotted portion (most of the time we were rationed) of food, and as she dealt it out, was cheering the hearts of her children, while, as I truly believed, her own was lifted to God in fervent prayer that their lives might be preserved, and, above all, that they might honor Him in the religion for which she was an exile from the home once sacred to her, for the sake of those precious ones which God had committed to her care.

(*To be continued*)

WHEN WE MUST SAY GOODBYE

Grace Zenor Pratt

. . . Remember this . . . when we must say goodbye—
There is no need for words . . . .
But turn your loving face toward mine,
While in your eyes I read the promise sweet
Of faith and courage through the darkest hour;
That where you go, I too shall go with you
In spirit; on sea, in plane, on battle's gory field,
In foulest prison cell, or glorious victory
I shall be near to share and bear with you
All gain, all loss . . . for nothing, ever now,
Not even pain, nor death, can kill our love—
. . . Remember this, we have no need for words—
When we must say goodbye.

The Child's Voice and His Early Musical Experiences

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Member of Relief Society General Board

HOW like tinkling bells is the laughter of children, and how like sweet-toned flutes, their song.

We think of song as the outward expression of an inner joy and happiness, a way of expressing thought more beautifully. There seems no limit, however, to the various moods that can be expressed through song—that of reverence, affection, grief, longing or patriotism; still, the initial impulse to sing comes from the exhilaration of joy and happiness.

The normal child is radiant, happy, and ever ready for self-expression. He is unhampered by inhibitions and traditions; therefore, he yields readily to any of his natural impulses. Poets have likened him to an April day which brings sunshine, rain, and song all in a single hour.

His introduction to learning is in the home. It is here that he sees and hears the things after which he will pattern. His world is one of imitation and imagination. From the environment in which he lives he takes on many of the character traits which will be his companions throughout life. The first contact the child has with sound is undoubtedly the speaking voices round about him. If he is compelled to listen to loud and harsh sounds, his concept of tone will be distorted. If, on the other hand, he hears gentle and sweet-sounding voices, he will emerge into his speaking world with a model of beautiful sound. When we consider that song is really perfected speech set to music, we can appreciate more fully how important it is to give attention to this thought.

Shakespeare was impressed with the value of a beautiful speaking voice when he wrote, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman." The same thing might apply to man, granting him, of course, more latitude with volume.

"Whether it be for good or evil, the education of the child is principally derived from its own observation of the actions, words, voice and looks of those with whom it lives." The above lines were penned by Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb. A similar thought was voiced by the French writer, Joubert, when he said, "Children have more need of models than of critics."

Because of the immaturity of children's voices, special care is required in the presentation of songs. They ought always to be pitched in an easy range of the voice and sung with a medium volume. Low notes are quite as harmful as high ones.

Loud singing will strain youthful voices, take away their sweetness, and leave them unmusical and harsh sounding. It is generally thought best to confine the range of their songs within the limits of the treble clef.

During the preschool period, nursery songs and others of a similar type are best suited to children. Later, one may add some of the easy Primary and Junior Sunday School songs. It is best to avoid songs with many stanzas because they cause mental strain, confusion, and fatigue. The thought content should lie within the scope of the child's comprehension and experience. Because of the wide variety of children's interests, it is comparatively easy to choose interesting song subjects. They love birds, flowers, mountains, trees, boats, colors, people, and God and all His great creation.

Young folk need to be impressed with the simplicity and naturalness of singing, that they may participate with ease and enjoyment, and that each may treasure his God-given vocal instrument, which has been called the king of all instruments.

The one whose responsibility it is to teach songs to children should be watchful that their posture, when standing or sitting, is good, and that the singing is done with free and open mouths.

ONE is indeed fortunate who, in his impressionable years, is privileged to hear good music in his home. Unknowingly, he acquires, through his auditory sense, an acquaintance with and an interest in the various mediums of musical expression. With this background he approaches his musical subjects in school with comparative ease and increasing interest.

Members of the family should listen patiently and sympathetically to the child's least efforts of musical expression, and praise and encourage him no matter how seemingly insignificant these efforts appear. He may choose his own tune instead of the conventional one. The variety of pitches he uses may be so limited that it greatly worries the listeners. There is no particular need for concern over this during the child's early years, because his sense of pitch discrimination has not yet been stabilized. He must have experiences and contacts with musical sounds in order to develop his power of pitch discrimination. His music training in school will further assist in developing this latent talent.

It is well to impress upon the minds of the young the real beauty of tone by often giving them examples of sweet, melodious singing —a lone voice or a group—violin, flute, and harp solos, string or woodwind ensembles, or any other well-chosen music which emphasizes the effectiveness of lovely tone.

Children should have the opportunity, wherever possible, to attend fine musicals. Where performers cannot be heard in person, recordings can be substituted. In choosing records, care should be taken to select those that fit the age group of the listeners and that have within them interesting rhythmic patterns and appealing melodies. There are many such records available which would be a worthy addition to any record library in the home, and

would give the child a feeling of importance to possess and play.

THE child should always feel that music is something to enjoy, that it is fun and not work. It is important, first of all, that an interest in music be created and stimulated and that it be well established before technical requirements are made. Fortunately, music can fit into any phase of activity—as background for rhythmic games, marching, dancing, storytelling, pageantry, dramatizations, etcetera. This group participation is most valuable for children as it gives those with pronounced talent a chance to develop leadership. It is equally valuable for the shy and musically backward child because it safeguards his efforts and helps him to develop accuracy and self-confidence.

The correlation of music with other subjects in our modern educational system is giving children stimulation to engage in research and fact finding, and to become acquainted with names of musicians and composers, instruments, organizations, and simple musical terms.

Even in the study of a simple folk song, many other interesting facts can be learned; such as, what a folk song is; who the composer is, his nationality; the customs and habits of his people, their dress, language; the color and design of their flag; outstanding industries or products of the country; all of which tend to add to the pupil's general knowledge and give him a broader viewpoint and new interests.

This procedure need not be confined to the school room alone, but should be paralleled in the home, for it is, after all, the interest and guidance of parents that direct the child into the paths he will tread. He will be strengthened by finding that his interests are shared and supported by others of his family. Parents should urge their children to learn all they can about music and the fine arts as they travel through their school years. These cultural subjects will give them refinement and aesthetic taste, and attune them to the value and appreciation of the finer things of life.

"The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."
—*Bonaparte*

The following suggestive list of books may be found helpful in presenting music to children:

Published by Ginn and Company:

Music Primer, Rhythms and Rimes, Singing Days, Listen and Sing, Songs of Many Lands, Tunes and Harmonies, Singing Along, Blending Voices.

A series of story books of composers, illustrated, and with musical themes:

WHEELER, OPAL, AND DEUCHER, SYBIL: *Joseph Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Bach* (and other great composers).

A series of song books for children:

FORESMAN: *First Book of Songs, Second Book of Songs,* etc.

GAYNOR, JESSIE L.: *Sacred Songs for Little Children,* John Church Co., Publishers.

KINSCELLA, HAZEL GERTRUDE: *Music Appreciation Readers,* Books I, II, III, etc.

LACEY: *Picture Book of Musical Instruments.*

Rime, Rhythm and Song for the Child of Today, Hall & McCreary, Publishers.

SCHNEIDER, N. C.: *Nature Lyrics for Children,* Willis Music Co., Publishers.

Songs of the Child World (No. 1) John Church Co., Publishers.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponents*, April 1, and April 15, 1884.

"The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations"

Easter Sunday: There are days and seasons in every life that draw the soul nearer to God, that throw around it a sweet influence of peace and satisfaction . . . . that seem to hold up, as it were, a mirror to the mind, in which sweet and glorious visions are presented to the imagination, and 'tis felt to be indeed a Sabbath—a time of rest, of retrospection, of meditation, of entering into a close communion with spiritual things, and approximating nearer and nearer to our Father, God. Such a day and season is most especially Easter Sunday. It occurs in the lovely season of spring—when earth has again her annual resurrection, when the early flowers—the snowdrop and the crocus, raise their pure and beautiful heads above the dark brown earth, and have a voice that speaks to our spirit of life renewed . . . . —Hannah T. King.

* * * *

Editorial Notes: Of the 26 women graduates from the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, recently, Miss Emma Atkin, one of our Utah born girls, stood second on the list. She is a very bright, attractive young lady, and will no doubt become successful in her profession.

* * * *

Editorial: Desultory Thoughts—The General Conference just passed was an eventful one to this people. One never to be forgotten. The crowds of worshippers who assembled day after day in the large Tabernacle in this city to hear the words of inspiration that seemed to flow on and on like a river from the lips of the servants of God, were indeed a sight to gaze upon. When the immense building was filled, the yards were crowded with those who failed to obtain a seat in time. There is not room for all the saints inside the Tabernacle, even those who come together for the Conferences . . . .

* * * *

RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

Pima, Graham Co., Ariz.—The ladies of the Relief Societies of the St. Joseph Stake held their Quarterly Conference at Pima, Friday, Feb. 29th, 1884, President Willmirth East presiding . . . . President East and Counselor Mary Ransom, also President Christopher Layton and Patriarch Philemon Merrill, of the St. Joseph Stake, addressed the congregation . . . .

Koosharem [Sevier Stake]—The Relief Society in this place is also in a very good condition, and our worthy President, Sister Margaret Anderson, is doing all she can to instruct us in her motherly way. The society made a surprise party for all those who had arrived at the age of sixty years . . . . There was a great deal of Scandinavian language used on account of a great many of the old folks being Scandinavians.—U.C.

Bear Lake—Synopsis of the minutes of the 11th Semi-Annual Conference of the Bear Lake Stake held in Paris, Feb. 23rd and 24th, 1884, Saturday, 10 A.M. . . . . President J. P. Lindsay was pleased to meet with the sisters in the capacity of a Relief Society Conference, although there were but few in number in consequence of the late stormy weather and depth of snow . . . .

A Word From Mill Creek—February 25th a number of the sisters of the Relief Society of Mill Creek met at the residence of Sister Araminta North, it being her 65th natal day . . . . A beautiful arm chair was presented to her by the sisters and the following lines were composed and read by one of the sisters: "We, the Sisters of the Relief Society of Mill Creek Ward . . . . appreciating your labor and care as our treasurer . . . . present to you this chair as a small token of respect, and hope that you may live many years to enjoy it . . . ."

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

JUST what is woman's sphere, once she has received her "rights" and an education, has been a much debated question in Great Britain. Formerly, a university girl graduate was considered to have "wasted" her training if she did not devote her life to a career. Even Virginia Woolf pleaded that a highly educated woman should be relieved of household responsibilities. A married woman instructor in Cambridge, successfully managing a home, disagrees. Contemporary thought tends to consider marriage itself as a career, which can be made as rich and full and honorable as that of a barrister or a doctor. Home should be the center of a woman's life, but other interests must not be excluded. British post-war planning figures on "home helps" for mothers, so that they may engage in some outside activities without neglecting their families.—JANET SMITH, "Present Thoughts on Women's Rights," *Britain Today*.

THE *New York Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review*, January 16, 1944, devotes a laudatory fifty-line write-up to *Peter's Story Goes to Press*, a book for juveniles by Olive Woolley Burt of Salt Lake City, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*.

NURSE ELIZABETH KENNY says she has discovered a new technique that makes infantile paralysis almost painless in its acute stages; also a method of retarding the spread of the disease. (*Newsweek*, Feb. 7, 1944.)

SCIENCE promises for a post-war tomorrow: furnaces which will consume all the smoke they create; a plastic, invisible covering for walls, which can be washed with soap and water; a wave-set lotion, dehydrated and packaged in a small paper envelope, at greatly reduced prices. (*Science Digest*, December, January, February.)

OVERSEA generals express great appreciation for the work and conduct of the WACs under their command. More than 1000 of these women are in North Africa.

THE Woman's Marine Corps, barely more than a year old, has 200 kinds of jobs for its personnel, who relieve men for active duty.

THE Metropolitan Opera Company has produced a lavish revival of Debussy's opera, *Pelleas and Melisande*. The Brazilian soprano Bidu Sayao scored a brilliant success in the very difficult role of Melisande.

AMERICA'S only national woman senator, Mrs. Hattie Caraway of Arkansas, is sixty-six years old.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 31 APRIL 1944 NO. 4

Salt Lake Region Welfare Meeting

WELFARE leaders of the Salt Lake Region were given a rich opportunity for enlarged vision of the Church Welfare Program and for renewed stimulation and encouragement in carrying it forward at a special welfare meeting held in Salt Lake City, Tuesday, February 7, 1944.

Independence on the part of all was defined as the "hope and ultimate goal for which the Church has been striving during these past years"; and production, above and beyond what would be produced "except for the measures we are taking" was given as the practical method whereby the emergent needs of the day may best be met and the ideals of the Program realized. The care of the poor was designated "the job of the bishop," and the Welfare Program was declared to have been inaugurated to help the bishop perform his function.

In discussing the production phase of the Program, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. referred to the comfort and satisfaction of each one having his own "stock pile," stating that "this policy of having a year's provisions ahead is just as old as our presence in the mountains." But in addition to this, said President Clark, as far as the Church is concerned there should be a Welfare stock pile out of which the Church could take care of its members who cannot provide for themselves, those who are in need. There is, of course, a national stock pile consisting of practically all food that is industrially produced. "I feel," advised President Clark, "that where we do have our family stock pile we should quit drawing upon the national stock pile, and let that become more plentiful for those who do not have and, under some circumstances, cannot have a family stock pile." He further stated that everything we put into the Church Welfare stock pile "just relieves the national stock pile that much, and it should be so understood and we should approach it in that kind of spirit and that kind of way."

The advantage of producing over contributing money to the Program was clearly pointed out, and Church members were urged not to be satisfied with merely making money contributions.

Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve, managing director of the Church Welfare Program, pointed out some of the obstacles that have impeded progress in the Program and interfered with the realization of some of its ideals, and showed why and how these obstacles must be removed. He said: "The Lord's ways are not man's ways, and the more we school the people of this Church to learn to not merely take the course of least resistance,

but to act as a perpetual revolution against all pursuits and all philosophies that are contrary to God's divine plan, then and then only may we hope to claim the blessings of our Heavenly Father."

Other addresses, including that of Elder Marion G. Romney, assistant director of the Program, added materially to an understanding of the details of the Program, particularly as it is worked out in the Salt Lake Region, and should result in increased appreciation and a greater will to do.

Relief Society women are thoroughly converted to the Church Welfare Program. This is evidenced by their attitudes and generous contributions to it. The acknowledgement of the valuable part they are playing, and the commendation of their efforts by those who are leading in this great work were highly pleasing.

—B.S.S.

FROM A MAGAZINE READER

February 7, 1944

The Relief Society Magazine.

Dear Friends:

My wife's aunt has sent us your *Magazine.*

Your Editorial in the January 1944 issue is good.

The State I live in has very good farm land. We have many industries and factory towns.

We see too many children who forget the old folks that started them out, forget them in times of prosperity and run home for assistance when times become slack, borrow from them and forget to repay, so they can buy new cars and other things, and when the old folks have been bled poor they put them on the County to let live the best they can.

My father was bedfast for five years, most of it during the depression. It was tough going. After he passed away, my mother wanted to be out working but I stopped that. She attended church and all other things that an old person likes to do.

She told me that she was having the time of her life.

She lost her life in an accident.

I might have been many dollars ahead, but that one compliment is the best pay I will ever get.

Yours truly,

W. M. J.—Indiana.

WATCH THE WASTE BASKET

You wouldn't knowingly throw away a parachute, but you probably never stopped to realize that the morning newspaper if salvaged could help make one. Paper parachutes are now being used to drop food and equipment from planes to men in difficult terrain.

"Invasion raincoats" are made of paper, too, so that the boys who wear them can throw them away on landing. This innovation came from the discovery that moisture from the air in a cross channel flight can add as much as five pounds to the weight of a man's clothing.

And, of course, there are a hundred other uses for waste paper: Packaging food, blood plasma and vital supplies; to plug and protect machine gun nozzles; for bomb bands and shell cases.

. . . paper salvage is a long term problem and should be part of regular household routine.—Women's Club News Service, February 1944.

WATCH YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR PAPER COLLECTIONS.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society—Stake Quarterly Conference

In stakes where the regular sessions of Stake Quarterly Conference are concluded in the afternoon and where an additional evening session is planned, auxiliary organizations, if invited by the stake presidency, may share in the use of this Sunday evening session. The following schedule for participation in the 1944 Quarterly Conferences has been adopted by the auxiliaries:

Primary Association—
First Quarter
January 8—March 12

Sunday School—
Second Quarter
March 18—May 28

Genealogical Society—
Third Quarter
June 3—September 24

Relief Society—
Fourth Quarter
September 30—December 10

M.I.A.—
First Quarter of 1945

Heretofore the Relief Society has been assigned the summer quarter.

Further information regarding participation of Relief Society in the Quarterly Conference will be issued by the Relief Society General Board at a later date.

There is now in this country one saloon for about every 300 of our people.

Who really believes that these saloons are the training places for a military victory?

Ration points are still necessary for a bottle of grape-juice, but not one point for a barrel of wine!

There is constant talk of food-shortage, yet more than 2,000,000,000 pounds of fruits and berries will be used in making wine in 1943! Two and three-fourths billion pounds of grain, sugar and syrup will be used in the manufacture of beer.

The flag still floats over the patriotic centers that try to make out that their vats are fountains of love for the Nation.—*The Voice*, December 1943

ALCOHOL HARMS NERVES AND BRAIN

YOUR thinking power and nervous system are strongly influenced by the well-being of the body, particularly by the condition of the blood. Within a few minutes after a person takes a drink containing alcohol, about one-fifth of the alcoholic content has entered the bloodstream. Then alcohol-laden blood washes through the brain and moves among the nerve cells, whose fatty substance eagerly absorbs some of the alcohol. The cerebrospinal fluid is also alcoholized and its contact with nerve cells and fibers causes further injury in the control-tower of the body. Man's highest and most important mental and nerve controls snap out or go numb under such conditions and the effect may continue for many hours. Ability, judgment, and self-control are impaired, though the drinker is the last to realize this. His emotions control conduct.—Bert H. Davis, *"Shall I Become a Drinker?"*

Rose Growing in the Home Garden

Hazel D. Moyle

Garden Editor, *Deseret News*

. . . When thy roses came to me,
My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd;
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
Whispered of peace and truth and friendliness unquell'd.

—John Keats

THE rose has, for centuries, been the best-loved flower of all mankind. Its beauty compels our warmest admiration and reflects our highest inward thoughts and emotions; all down the ages it has been the symbol of love and affection—small wonder that today it is the most popular and favorite flower of the home gardener.

That roses grown in our western states can and do vie with those produced in more favored climates and in famous rose centers, is rapidly becoming an undisputed fact, one which every home gardener should consider. We have been told by rose experts of national reputation that our home-grown garden roses equal, and even excel, the best productions of other localities in their size, splendor, high quality, and profusion. Certainly, this should encourage every flower lover to plant a few rose plants in the home grounds.

Every garden can produce good roses. No matter what type or kind of soil it has, so long as the ground is well drained and away from overhanging tall trees, it is capable of producing lovely prize-winning rose blooms. Scientific investigation has established without question that whether the soil is of a sandy nature or a heavy clay soil matters very little if a little preparation is given to the soil when planting, and if fertilizer is added each year to provide the rose plants with the food which they demand and so richly deserve.

Considering that once planted, a rose bush can, and often does, go on producing lovely roses year after year for twenty-five years (the author's own garden contains many rose plants that have done so), this small job of properly digging and preparing the soil is little enough to do for such returns.

We may not all possess the perfect conditions for growing roses, but it has been found that this flower, more than any other, will adapt and accommodate itself to almost any condition except dense shade and ground that is constantly wet and soggy. Roses dislike having wet feet, yet they must be provided with good moisture during the midsummer months.

PLANT roses in beds by themselves away from other flowers for best results, and by all means choose a spot which receives sun for a good part of the day. You will be able to grow roses in a more shady location, but the shady beds will not bloom so prolifically as those receiving good sunlight. Should only a partially shady location be available, however, we urge that you still plant

roses, but for such places choose the varieties of light coloring—the exquisite white varieties, the pale blush-pinks and pale yellows. These do quite well in rather shady situations, and you may also be able to have roses there during the hot midsummer months when the sunny rose beds are resting. The lovely Graus Aachen varieties, both the pink and the white, are an excellent choice for such partially shady plantings.

Plan your rose beds so that they are easily reached from both sides. We must be able to cultivate and care for them handily, as well as enjoy their exquisite tints and fragrance. And the blooms must be easily reached for cutting. Beds from eighteen inches to three feet in width are ideal; wider beds are cumbersome and awkward, and much of the pleasure of close contact with the blooms is sacrificed. We must see our roses at close quarters in order to drink in all their lovely charms.

Although roses differ in their height and spread, most varieties of the popular hybrid tea roses that are now planted so profusely, need from eighteen inches to two feet of space per plant. If the rose beds are located out in full sun, well away from trees, then it is wise to set them slightly closer in order to have their foliage help shade the ground from being dried out constantly during summer months.

Prepare the beds well in advance of the planting, if possible. This should be one of the earliest of all spring garden jobs. Get the ground ready for planting as soon as your soil is workable, and then let it stand for a few days before planting.

By all means secure some barnyard manure to use in your soil preparation, no matter what kind of soil you possess; nothing has ever been found to equal this old stand-by for growing fine roses. Unless this is very old, it should be placed well below the roots of your new plants, for if manure comes in direct contact with any roots, it is apt to cause damage unless it is well decomposed. The best method is to remove the natural soil for a depth of eight inches; then add the fertilizer and dig and work this in well to encourage the roots downward. Deep rooting makes for strong handsome plants that withstand heat and drouth.

Garden compost is also splendid for enriching and making the soil mellow, while if your soil is of a sandy nature, then it will pay you to purchase peat moss to add and dig well in before planting. This will help to retain moisture in the poor sandy soil. All or any of these soil improvers should be used generously in the lower level of soil, and well mixed to remove all lumps, to assure your plants of a future feeding ground which will maintain prolific bloom for years to come. Do not put fertilizer in the top layer of soil, but replace the natural soil in which to set the plants. A generous layer of manure and peat moss or even garden compost can be used as a mulch over the top of the beds as soon as planting has been done to coax the plants into growth and to keep the soil from drying out.

WHEN ready to plant, first fill an old bucket or tub with water in which to set the plants while the planting is being done. This will prevent the roots from becoming

dried out, which is so detrimental and is the reason why so many new plants die each year. The fine hair-like roots are of the greatest importance in establishing the new plant.

Next, make a hole in the prepared ground wide enough and deep enough to accommodate the entire root system without bending back the ends. The roots should be spread out in the same manner in which they have been growing.

Prune each bush before planting. This requires fortitude, for you must cut away a good part of the precious wood which perhaps has cost you "a pretty penny." But unless each plant is cut back severely, it will have a tremendous struggle to get started. First, cut away completely at their base any weak or crooked branches. Leave only three or four of the strongest stems, and remove all others. This is all that any new plant can maintain in the first season while getting started and established. These three or four stems which you select to be the main growth of your new plant must also be cut back severely. Cut them so that each stem or eye (the pointed buds on the stems from which the leaves will grow) contains only three or four buds. Make a slanting cut just above the top bud.

Set the plant on a mound of soil to prevent any air pockets, and plant deep enough so that the graft or "bud" on the lower stem, just above the fine roots (this is easily seen as it is a swelling or lump on the main stem of the plant), is just under the surface. This is the place where the rose has been grafted to a wild rootstock, and, unless it is placed just under the soil line, the wild roots may send out growth and destroy the beautiful variety which you have chosen.

Work fine soil well in among the fine roots and cover them, then tramp the soil firmly with the feet. This is important—set the plant so firmly that there will be no chance of any air pockets. After the soil is well firmed, water thoroughly, then fill up the hole after the water has settled. To help the rose plant get started, mound up a loose hill of soil to cover the newly set plant. This will prevent the hot spring sun from drying out the stems and will stimulate growth. Remove this extra soil as the weather warms and as growth begins.

We now have literally thousands of wonderful varieties of hybrid teas from which to choose, with tempting new ones being introduced each year. But the new rose gardener should by all means plant first the tried-and-true varieties that have won a sure place in local gardens, for these are not only suitable to our western climate, but are among the most beautiful. In a vote taken by the Utah Rose Society, an organization of ardent amateur rose growers, the following were selected as the ten best roses for Utah and other surrounding states to plant. They include the cream of the new and old roses, and every one is worthy of a place in any back-yard rose garden. They include:

1—President Herbert Hoover, strong growing multicolored rose of tawny rose and yellow mixture. Excellent bloomer.

2—Mrs. Sam McGredy, a universal favorite, pink overlaid with gold.

(*Continued on page 231*)

The Rock and the River

Ezra J. Poulsen

PART TWO

CRISES are often precipitated through failure to disentangle properly the various threads of circumstance which sometimes get at cross purposes with the skein of life. Difficult as it is to understand human actions, it is even more difficult to estimate correctly the true motive back of the act, especially when emotion confuses reason, and the very violence of the feeling strikes down the better judgment.

John Mansfield began to realize this, as he faced the starkly terrifying fact of his daughter's disappearance. Could it be, he wondered, that he had unwittingly made certain the very thing that he had wished to avoid? Had she gone away with Dale Weyman? Or would she meet him at the first opportunity? He didn't pretend to see anything objectionable in the young man. It was the principle involved. No girl should become infatuated with a man she has known only a few days, especially in times like these, he reflected a thousand times a day, as he ran his tractor plow along the easy, mellow slopes of his dry farm up against the foothills; or as he brought the cows up from the big meadow pasture at milking time. It's perfectly foolish to allow girls to chase after soldiers the way they're doing. But maybe I was a little hard on her, he admitted to himself.

"There is no doubt about that," said Julia, when he finally confessed this much to her. "I have no quarrel with your purpose, John; but your method is cruel and unjust," she complained in a quivering voice. "You're just like a rock."

He knew she was thinking of the familiar granite rock projecting from the hill, but she failed to mention it. Likewise, he was comparing her with the soft meandering river. He loved her for the very qualities he regarded as weaknesses, but made no mention of the fact. Instead, he struggled with a fresh burst of indignation, as the picture of Bonnie in the arms of the young soldier again flashed across his mind.

But where to find Bonnie, that was the urgent problem. They searched diligently through the neighborhood, thinking she might be with some of her friends. But they were unsuccessful. Not only John, but Julia, and Jack searched, and waited until they were hollow-eyed and spent. Jack sent a telegram to Dale Weyman, demanding to know if Bonnie had gone with him. A reply, denying any knowledge of her whereabouts and professing deep concern, promptly came back.

"Well, that's that," remarked Jack, turning his level gray eyes toward his mother. "She hasn't eloped."

"Of course she hasn't." Mrs. Mansfield looked at her son, conscious of his close-knit, muscular body, so much like his father, yet so much more pliable—more like her-

self, she thought with motherly pride. "Bonnie would never elope —not unless she was driven to it; she has always been willing to talk over her problems with me."

Her husband, coming into the kitchen through the back door, heard her remark. "Nothing except her father's abuse and harshness would have made her elope, or even run away," he said bitterly. He paused a moment; his face, covered with a three days' growth of beard, was also powdered grayish-black by the fine dust from a windy afternoon's plowing. Even his thin, brown hair seemed to lose half of its identity in the grime, which concentrated moistly in his nostrils, and at the corners of his straight mouth and bloodshot eyes. "She deliberately disobeyed me. And you should have seen them."

"Well now, just what did you see?" demanded Julia, ready to test this inference to the utmost, as he disappeared into the bathroom. Almost at the same instant, however, the roaring of the water through the faucets into the bathtub drowned out any answer he might have made.

JULIA put on her straw hat and went out to feed the chickens, and Jack jumped into the car to go for the evening mail. John felt unhappily alone, as he scrubbed himself in the tub. A heavy weight seemed dragging at his heart, and a strained dryness parched his throat. Lifting the warm water to his face in his cupped hands, he dashed away the trace of a tear. But a new surge of emotion swept over him, shaking him like a reed. At last, a dry, difficult sob escaped his lips; and he covered his face in his hands. "Dear God, please help me to find my little girl," he muttered, "and forgive me if I did wrong." For the first time in years, his unyielding nature softened, and he cried like a child.

He was much refreshed in body and spirit when he emerged from the bathroom in clean clothes. Jack drove into the yard and called loudly to his mother. "Look, Mother, I've got some letters." John Mansfield dashed through the living room and down the front porch. He could see Jack holding up the letters; he could see Julia running from the opposite direction; and though he felt a twitch of pain that his son and his wife seemed closer to one another than to him, he didn't pause an instant.

"Is there any news about Bonnie?" he demanded.

Jack broke into a hilarious grin. "See, I got my draft notice," he cried. "I have to leave next week." Seeing his mother and father stop in their tracks, almost as if they had been struck, he changed his tone. "Forgive me, Mother and Dad. Yes, yes, I've heard something about Bonnie. Frank Davidson says he thinks he saw her at Hathaway. He believes she's working in the arms plant there." He pushed an opened letter into his mother's trembling fingers. "It's from Frank. Read it. Nothing too certain, but it's a clue."

"We'll go, then; we'll go to Hathaway. It's only sixty miles. Can't we go tonight?"

Jack looked with compassion upon his father's worn, haggard face. "Yes, Dad, but I think we'd better wait till morning."

"No. I'm ready to go right now." He faced his wife and son in an attitude of command; they returned his

severe gaze in protesting silence. In a moment his face softened; the granite in him seemed to melt. "Well, if you think it best to wait, we will." He turned to Julia.

Mrs. Mansfield came over and slipped her arm through his. "I think we'd better wait until we get the chores done in the morning. Then, we can get some one to take care of things till we get back."

"That is a good idea," he admitted.

"Let's take a little walk, John," she coaxed.

At first he resisted, feeling that she was preparing to lecture him. Finally, he accepted, and she led the way down the lane toward the pasture.

"Well, if you don't mind," he remarked, with a quick recognition of practical things, "you can go with me to get the cows."

"That's just what I'm offering to do," she declared, glancing up at him with a conscious air of coquetry. "You used to like me to go with you."

"I never wanted you more than now," he insisted. He clasped his fingers tightly through hers, and drew her closer. "With Jack going, and—Bonnie gone, I get almost frightened to think how much I need you."

Julia gave him a wry smile. "'Sthat all?" she probed.

"No." He became swiftly aware of her attractive, slenderish form, her smooth skin, and brown hair, with scarcely a strand of gray in it. In her cool gingham dress and drooping straw hat, which she removed when he kissed her, she was still far more girlish than matronly. He wanted to tell her she was beautiful, but the words stuck in h throat.

"Oh, John, you can't make lov can you?" she reprimanded gentl

A sharp pang of regret struck hi for not having said what he had d sired to say. But now it was to late. He felt forced to let h reticence close in on him.

They reached the pasture as th sun was resting level with the tre tops; they dropped the bars and le the cows start up the lane. "Nov we're going down to the river," i formed Julia, leading him by th hand. "It will be beautiful th evening. Besides, I feel as if ju walking across the pasture in th mingled shadows and sunshine wi be fun."

"Yes, maybe it will."

"Don't you think the sunset beautiful?" she chattered.

"Surely." He was beginning t grow amazed. Julia, he was sur had something in mind; but he wa at a loss to know what.

"Let's go over to the big bend b low the rapids," she insisted.

"Just as you say."

They were threading their wa along damp, meandering cow trail skirted by masses of birch and wi lows. She led the way. He followe Eventually, they reached a sward c green grass, surrounded by cotto woods. She began to run, flingin back a gay challenge. And hal bashfully he pursued, increasing hi speed as she increased hers. H caught her, panting and laughin on the short cropped grass close t the bank of the river, and drawin her swaying body into his arms, h half smothered her with kisses.

"How romantic!" cried Julia whe she could catch her breath. "Now,

know you're not as old as you sometimes seem." Beyond the river, the sunset was pouring a golden spray directly upon the cliff of granite below the ridge. "Look," she cried, "I do believe the sun is melting the rock."

"Maybe so," he laughed, raking his mind for a suitable retort about the river. But he was too slow.

"But look at the river," she challenged in a soft voice, as she nestled close to him. "Isn't it wonderful? Just like life. It flows on and on—forever."

"Certainly," he countered, in a tone of sudden mastery, "but the river is always going downhill. Now, look at the rock. See how it stands foursquare against all the winds that blow; see how it resists the storm." He was quite surprised at his own eloquence, and was about to celebrate his triumph by a mocking laugh, but again Julia beat him by throwing in the element of surprise.

"That's right, John. I love those qualities, especially in you." She had never admitted this before, and he felt so awkwardly thrown off balance that he wished he had not mentioned the rock.

"John," murmured Julia, after a long pause.

"Yes, Dear."

"Do you remember it was here you proposed to me years ago?"

"Huh? Oh, yes, so it was." He held her with a sudden fervor of emotion.

"And, John—" she whispered, in a quick little burst of emotion.

"Yes?"

"What do you think Dale said to Bonnie, when they stopped by the river?"

He gulped, dumbfounded at her audacity. Then, he laughed; they both laughed; and when they went back up through the pasture, hand in hand, they seemed like two children.

IN Hathaway, the small railroad city suffering the growing pains of becoming an important industrial center due to the pressure of war and the location of a number of vital war enterprises within its boundaries, John and Julia Mansfield found it extremely difficult to follow their clue concerning Bonnie. In the first place, the city was hopelessly overcrowded. War workers were sandwiched in everywhere. Furthermore, it was very hard, because of strict rules, to visit the plants and make inquiry. Finally, neither John nor Julia found it easy to adjust to the hurry and confusion; and as Jack had decided the last minute to stay home and do the chores, they didn't have his help. Not until they had asked many a question of many strangers, who proved to be little better acquainted with the city than they, did they discover, by means of the telephone directory, a family with whom they had a slight acquaintance. With the help they received from this source, they succeeded, the following day, in finding Bonnie's boarding house; but upon hurrying there, they were disappointed again. She was at work and would not be off shift until evening.

"Waiting is the hardest job in the world," complained John, as they sat in their parked car. "In fact, if I had waited in the first place until I was less angry, this would not have happened. Of course she won't want to see me when she comes."

Julia was impressed by his repentant attitude. She slipped her hand in his. "Now, Dear," she said softly, "you know that Bonnie thinks the world of her dad."

"I used to think so; but now I feel that there's a great gulf between us."

"Bonnie can jump over that gulf if you can," declared Julia.

"But—but I'm still opposed to young Weyman," he answered doggedly. "She has no business taking up with a young fellow we know no more about. You know religion plays an important part in our lives, and we've taught our children to believe that marriage is a sacred institution."

Julia was silent a moment. "Of course, John," she said at last. "A careless marriage with someone whose ideals were not like our own would be unthinkable, and would certainly end in disappointment, if not tragedy. But—" she looked up hopefully, almost gaily, "maybe Bonnie's forgotten him already. Then, on the other hand, it could be that he might turn out to be just the kind of man we'd like Bonnie to marry. You know time and patience, John, settle so many difficulties. If we just keep our heads and do the right thing today, tomorrow is usually very promising."

"Well, yes."

A bus stopped at the corner, and people began to pile out. Julia was instantly on the sidewalk, waiting breathlessly. John followed her. In another minute, Bonnie appeared among the straggling crowd; and seeing her mother, she ran into her arms with a startled cry. Weeks of loneliness and homesickness found expression in a flood of tears. But when she faced her father, she stood rigidly silent, and doubtful, until he swept her into his arms. Then, she cried softly, while he stroked her blonde head and whispered terms of endearment, at the same time noting the tired, worried expression on his daughter's face.

When Bonnie took her parents into her room, which, they quickly discovered, she occupied with several other girls, the first thing that they observed was the picture of Dale Weyman, neatly framed and occupying a prominent place on the radio cabinet.

"So you're still thinking of him?" tested John, when he had an opportunity.

"I'm writing to him, Father," she replied rather stiffly.

He didn't try to argue. It remained for Julia to have a long talk with their daughter that evening. "We'd like you to come back home. We'll be so lonesome without you, especially after Jack goes. Besides, I don't know how we'll run the farm. That's war work, too, you know."

"But you're still opposed to Dale?" There was a quiet dignity in Bonnie's manner which her mother respected as the most perfect evidence of her daughter's maturing womanhood.

"Time will reveal the right thing for you and Dale," assured her mother wisely. "Time, and your own faith—and honest prayer."

"How grand of you to say that, Mother," cried Bonnie. "If dad only felt the same way, I could not ask for more."

"Dad does feel the same way," declared an indulgent voice at the door. Bonnie looked up to see her father enter.

"Oh, Dad, you darling," she

cried, throwing her arms around his neck. "Forgive me for running away; and forgive me for all my hard thoughts. I should have known you'd feel that way really, and I never thought of expecting more."

"I have you released from your war job," he explained eventually, "to go home and take up another, even more important, for with Jack gone—" he pinched her cheek, "we may have to put you in overalls part of the time."

"I know, Dad, and will I do it! I can run the tractor, I can mow hay —why, I can do anything on the farm." She danced around the room with the pink color mounting back to her cheeks, and all her youthful zest for life and love at the highest peak. Suddenly, she remembered, in the excitement of seeing her parents, that she hadn't been out to the mailbox to see if there was a letter from Dale. She slipped out of the room and ran down to the front porch, where she excitedly put her hand into the long metal mailbox. And sure enough, it was there, a letter from Dale. She broke it open and read it, then, raised her eyes, an expression of great excitement and happiness beaming on her face. Dale was being transferred east, and would pass through Hathaway within a week. He had the promise of several hours stopover, and was looking forward to seeing her.

Her first impulse was to run upstairs and tell her father and mother she could not leave for home. But no, she could not do that. For a moment she felt dizzy. "They've been so grand," she whispered. She remembered her mother's words, "Time, and faith, and honest prayer."

Yes, she reflected, the course of true love will not be changed by one trifling circumstance. She bowed her head and spoke to her Creator, after which she went into the house, resolved not to mention her disappointment.

(To be continued)

Rose Growing in the Home Garden

(*Continued from page 225*)

3—Crimson Glory, the finest new red rose, richly fragrant.

4—Countess Vandall, often called the perfect rose. Mixture of pale coral, cream, and washed with pale gold.

5—Etoile de Holland, one of our splendid red roses, excellent grower and bloomer.

6—Eclipse, a new yellow rose possessing absolutely perfect buds..

7—Charlotte Armstrong, a new glamor rose. When well grown, this produces blooms of spectacular size and rich deep pink color.

8—Rex Anderson, for years this has enjoyed the reputation of being the finest white rose.

9—Johanna Hill, fine yellow rose and excellent doer.

10—The Doctor, one of the loveliest of all pink roses, long lasting, fragrant, and of tremendous size.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for February 1944, page 104.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

New England Mission

FOLLOWING are excerpts from a recent letter from Bertha S. Reeder, mission Relief Society president, and Elder Kenneth W. Porter, mission Relief Society supervisor: "During 1943 seven new Societies were organized, as follows: Augusta, Maine; Concord, New Hampshire; Hyde Park, Massachusetts; Litchfield, Maine; Newport, Rhode Island; Danforth, Maine; and Eaton, Maine.

"The two latter groups, being in northern Maine where deep snows make the holding of meetings extremely difficult, are not now functioning. The meetings which were held, however, did much to fill the needs of those who participated and were, thus, profitable. The new Societies in some of these places are the only Church meetings being held and are valuable in maintaining faith and unity.

"Fine anniversary meetings, bazaars, and branch conferences were held in most places of the mission during the year. The sisters of the branches where we have recently purchased chapels are working diligently to improve and beautify these buildings, and have done much to stimulate increased interest on the part of other members.

"Due to quite a strict curtailment of gasoline we have not been able to visit each branch as frequently as desired . . . . With the great reduction in our missionary force, it will be necessary for our Relief Societies to carry on with even less supervision than before, but most of them are now fairly well grounded in practices and should operate regardless. These Societies are the backbone of Church activity in several localities.

"During the month of September most of the officers of the mission Relief Societies (about fifty-five in number) met at Cambridge in conference, where work and methods for the present season were discussed. Those attending carried back to their respective branches inspiration and enthusiasm which is gratifying. The accompanying picture was taken on that occasion.

"The mission has received upwards of twenty-five quilts and many boxes of clothing from the several Societies. We provided complete Christmas for five or six families in northern Maine, and throughout the year have helped several dozen persons.

"Our objectives have been and

OFFICERS OF RELIEF SOCIETIES IN THE NEW ENGLAND MISSION

at a conference in Cambridge, Massachusetts in September 1943, where work of the 1943-44 season was considered.

shall continue to be the organization of more neighborhood groups, getting the women more adept at handiwork, an increased amount of welfare materials, and the keeping of more complete and accurate records.

"It has been gratifying to work with the women of the mission during the past year. Several baptisms have resulted from Relief Society work. We have learned much; our happiness has been deep. The future looks bright and our faith is strong."

The General Board notes with particular interest the organization of a Relief Society at Concord, New Hampshire, during 1943 as reported in the first paragraph of the foregoing letter. New Hampshire has been the only state without a Relief Society, according to the geographic distribution of Relief Societies, in recent annual reports. With the organization of a Relief Society at Concord, the 1943 annual report will doubtless show organized Relief Societies in every state of the Union, as well as in the District of Columbia, the territories of Alaska and Hawaii, and in many other countries.

A commendable accomplishment of the New England Mission during 1943 was the compilation of an historical summary of all Relief Societies in the mission for the eighteen-month period, January 1942 through June 1943. This compiled history was mimeographed and distributed to all Societies in the mission, so that each might review the activities and accomplishments of the others. Mission Relief Society president, Bertha S. Reeder, and mission Relief Society supervisor, Elder Kenneth W. Porter, who edited these historical summaries from the branches, point out that

more work was actually done than would appear from this record due to the brevity of the reports, and that it is hoped that this first history will be followed by a regular series of such reports. They also recognize that varying conditions in the different localities naturally influence the accomplishments of the local Relief Societies, some of which are small and operate as neighborhood groups, and others of which are larger and more experienced in Relief Society work. They conclude: "Yet every group has done much to spread happiness and to comfort and care for the needy; each has helped to improve conditions of many homes, has brought a unity and love into places which previously had not known such peace;" and that the accomplishments of each Relief Society demonstrate the effectiveness of the realization that the Relief Society was organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith. They also feel that the effort of compiling and distributing copies of these histories would be justified if each local Society, in reviewing the work of other Societies in the mission, were "to get one new idea, one improved method or inspiration to carry on in the face of difficulties."

Spanish-American Mission

IVIE H. Jones, president of Relief Societies in the Spanish-American Mission, submitted the following account of accomplishments of two of the several local Spanish-speaking Relief Societies in this mission:

" *'When in my name but two or three shall meet, I there will surely be.'*

"The above words of our Lord and Master seem especially appropriate for the Spanish-American Relief Society of Kingsville, Texas.

"At the beginning of 1943, this Relief Society had one L.D.S. member, Sister Esther Rodriguez. Nothing daunted, she went out and proselyted members for her meetings. She invited her neighbors, Sisters Cabasos, Maria Gonzales, and Luz Rodriguez to join her. Through their combined efforts, they completed the beautiful quilt seen in the accompanying picture. They sold the quilt, netting $11.

"So at the beginning of 1944 the Relief Society spirit is burning brightly in Kingsville. Through the efforts of Sister Rodriguez and her helper, Elder Lloyd McArthur, one new member has been added to the Relief Society, and they have prospects of baptisms and additions of many new members in 1944."

When submitting the picture, Elder McArthur wrote: "Inasmuch as we have but one L.D.S. member in the Relief Society, we have had a struggle with Relief Society attendance. All we have accomplished, however much or little it has been, is due to the courage, faith and effort of Hna. Rodriguez (Esther)."

Reina Pulver, secretary of the Spanish-speaking Phoenix Relief Society of the Spanish-American Mission, wrote last November to the mission Relief society president, Ivie H. Jones, as follows:

"We Relief Society sisters in Phoenix have our aim high. We want a chapel, and we are determined to get it. We want one that we will be proud to call our own: one where we can worship God in peace and contentment; a place where we will be proud to

QUILT MADE BY THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF KINGSVILLE, TEXAS

All members of this Society are included in the picture, and are, from left to right, Sisters Cabasos, Maria Gonzales, Esther Rodriguez, and Luz Rodriguez.

bring our friends. We want it in the best neighborhood available and in beautiful surroundings. Beauty is the handiwork of the Lord.

"We are proud to be members of the Kingdom of God and want to live lives that will bring us strong testimonies and be examples to our neighbors."

Sister Jones continues: "And these eight sisters meant just what they said. They were organized into a Relief Society, January 16, 1943, with eight members. At that time four executive officers were chosen, but none of them was set apart until April 22, 1943 when the new mission presidents made their first official visit to Phoenix. The weather was already beginning to remind one that Phoenix is in the 'Sunny South,' so the sisters planned a picnic and Relief Society conference out in the hills. After the picnic supper and program, which was attended by forty-seven people, the sisters were set apart.

"It was a sight never to be forgotten. The sisters were seated one by one on a huge rock, while men holding the Priesthood called upon God to bless these sisters in their high callings. Out in the quiet Arizona desert where there was nothing to disturb nor detract, the moon and stars in the heavens bore witness of this sacred ceremony.

"Even before their organization, these eight women planned a Cena or Mexican supper, to raise money so that they could start out with a cash balance, and they began their existence as an organization with $100 on hand.

"On February 4, 1943 they gave another Mexican Cena in the Third Ward chapel, clearing $154. Then November 12, 1943 they staged another of their famous Mexican banquets. This time they set their aim

high and secured the Phoenix Stake building, serving 530 persons, banquet style. Immediately after the meal a program of Mexican songs, dances, and readings was presented for the entertainment of the guests.

"It did not take long to sell every article made for their bazaar and they could have easily sold many times the amount, not only because of the crowd present, but because the articles made were different and most of them had Mexican designs on them. They cleared on the bazaar $36.21 and on the *Cena* or banquet, $319.10, making a total net profit for the evening's affair of $428.31. They have retained a small working fund in their local Society and have a building fund in the mission office of $664.94 towards their new chapel.

"Yes, 'they have their aim high,' but the faith and perseverance of this little band of Mexican sisters will enable them to realize their ambitions, and some day they will be meeting in their own building."

British Mission

THE *Millennial Star*, publication of the British Mission, reported, in its issue for December 1943, the first mission-wide Relief Society conference of the British Mission which was held November 13 and 14 at mission headquarters in London. Following are excerpts from the *Star's* report of this historic gathering of Relief Society women:

"Never before in the history of the British Mission has such a gathering been held. Invitations sent to District Supervisors, Branch Presidents and Counsellors received outstanding response. From all parts of the British Isles sisters wrote stating their keen desire to attend. Even from places as far distant as Ireland, Sisters Mary Mogerley of Dublin and Lilian Ditty of Belfast tried to obtain a permit enabling them to travel. Unfortunately their efforts proved of no avail. Telegrams were received expressing their disappointment at being unable to attend and best wishes for the success of the conference.

"An executive meeting conducted by Sister Maud A. Hawkes, second counsellor, Mission R. S. Presidency, commenced a series of interesting and inspiring sessions. Various problems were discussed and ideas presented for the growth of the work. Immediately following, a delightful meal, prepared by President Marie W. Anastasiou, was served to 75 persons present.

"In the evening, further opportunity to get to know each other was given to the sisters during a Social Gathering conducted by Sister M. McCormick, where items were given by representatives of various Branches and Districts.

"Sabbath Day meetings began at 10 a.m. with Testimony . . . conducted by Sister Helen E. Poole, first counsellor, R. S. Presidency. Eighty-five sisters bore testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel and the joy of service in Relief Society work. A telegram received from the Mission Presidency was read to the congregation by Sister Anastasiou.

"The general session was outstanding for the wide range of excellent addresses given by the following speakers: Sisters M. McCormick (Histories), M. A. Hawkes (Practical Work), H. E. Poole (Education) and J. N. Gittins (Statistics). A tribute to Relief Society

work was paid by President Wm. O. Chipping of the London District .... Elder James R. Cunningham of the Mission Presidency, spoke of the unity that existed between the Priesthood and members of the Relief Society, and compared it to the beautiful influence of noble women on great men of the world .... Sister Anastasiou, as the final speaker, addressed the congregation on 'The Joy of Service.'

"It is generally felt that the uplifting spirit of what is expected to be the first of many such gatherings will have a beneficial influence upon all branches of Relief Society endeavour.

"Regret was expressed at the absence of President Andre K. Anastasiou, whose Mission obligations took him to the Hull District."

Norwegian Mission

SINCE involvement of the United States in war little information has been received from Relief Societies on the European continent. The following news from the Relief Society at Oslo is, therefore, of special interest. It is copied from a History of the Mission for the two-month period ending September 30, 1943, which was received by Elder Thomas E. McKay, assistant to the Council of the Twelve, who is serving as European Mission president.

"Oslo Branch Woman's Relief Society gave a grand dinner to twenty-eight aged members of the branch, who accepted the invitation and enjoyed the sumptuous delicacies, which had been furnished by the Danish Mission, and which was to all a great surprise. As all can realize, the feelings were excellent, and there was no lack of entertainment either. Sister Pauline Kjos, in defiance of her 73 years, played on the mouth organ and showed herself to be a real virtuoso. There were grand compositions and Church melodies. Sister Thora Enholm sang, and the whole company sang several of our choice songs. Sister Juliane Berggraff read a few splendid pieces of her own composition.

"The Pioneer festival was passed up this year, but this dinner was an excellent compensation, and all the aged were appreciative of the event. Thanks to the planners of the eventful happening and enjoyment, and thanks to the Danes for the food which made the whole affair possible."

Australian Mission

ELSIE F. PARTON, released in July 1943, as president of the Hurstville Branch Relief Society, after serving in this capacity more than six years, submitted the accompanying picture of the group of women serving at the Civilian Aid Service Rest Center, most of whom are members of the Hurtsville Relief Society. She enclosed clippings from local newspapers which recognized demonstrations conducted by this center. These demonstrations portrayed the registration, care, treatment, location, and placing of a family made destitute through enemy action. Following is an excerpt from one of these clippings:

"On Thursday afternoon, 18th instant, the Latter-day Saints' Women's National Relief Society gave a demonstration to other Rest Center organizers of the Kogarah Municipality. The centre is situated on the

CIVILIAN AID REST CENTER OPERATED BY RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN, HURSTVILLE, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA

Fourth from left, front row, is Elsie F. Parton, recently released president of this branch. Directly behind her is Sister F. Evans, the new president, and next to her, at the end of the second row, is Ethel Wilson, new secretary. The retiring secretary, Ruby B. Phillips, who served more than ten years is in the back row, second from the right. At the left end of the back row is Violet Cook, Mission *Relief Society Magazine* representative.

corner of Noble Street and Railway Parade, Allawah. Having passed all tests it has been registered as No. 7, and is considered to be a model in efficiency and equipment . . . . Twenty trained ladies, under the supervision of Mrs. J. Parton, control the post. A display was given covering several branches of the work . . . . The efficiency of the centre was established when over one hundred people were provided with refreshments, when only forty had been expected to attend."

This demonstration was held in June 1942, and President and Sister Elvon W. Orme, in charge of the Australian Mission, were among the visitors, as were also officials in charge of this civilian war service. This rest center is established in the recreation hall of the L.D.S. chapel and many of the demonstration visitors show an interest in the Church and its activities. Sister Parton says, "We have lovely green lawns, a high position looking down upon the blue waters of historical Botany Bay, where Captain Cook first landed on this soil . . . . We have many non-members on our staff, as well as the Relief Society members, and they are all good, noble women whom I have grown to love. We have worked hard collecting the needed supplies—food, utensils, heating apparatus, kerosene lamps, candles, and clothing for all ages. Patchwork covers were knitted and stitched, old clothing repaired, and

my husband made folding beds."

Some of Sister Parton's comments as she looked back over her six years of service as branch Relief Society president give an indication of both the trials and growth to be obtained from Relief Society service. She wrote: "I occupied the position for over six years. During that period I learned many things, spiritual and temporal. I learned each person is a separate individuality and needs to be treated as such, that it is impossible to please all, that it is selfish and unwise to please self only, and to strive to please God is the only guide in meeting the problems concerning leadership. I have seen members come and go, I have met with loyal cooperation and with disgruntled, dissatisfied people, with rich and with poor, with generous and mean, with leaders of our nation and with the dregs of humanity, and in all of these people I have found something good, something worthwhile, and that something is the unquenchable flame of divinity coming from our Father God to which all are heirs. I have received a broader outlook on life and have learned what God meant when he said, 'Let not the left hand know what the right hand doeth' and the necessity of becoming 'as wise as a serpent and as gentle as a dove.' "

Sister Parton's two counselors, Sisters F. Evans and G. Beal, were retained in the new organization as president and first counselor, respectively, and Ethel Parton and Ethel Wilson were named as second counselor and secretary, respectively. The retiring secretary, Ruby B. Phillips, was the first secretary of this branch Relief Society and served in this capacity for more than ten years.

Like many other Relief Society women in various parts of the world, Sister Parton is mourning the loss of a son who was a pilot officer in the Royal Australian Air Force. And like many other Relief Society women, her sorrow is not tinctured with hatred nor revenge, for she says, "May God help the mothers of all men everywhere, for we sorrow alike, friend or foe."

New Zealand Mission

ELVA T. COWLEY, president of Relief Societies in the New Zealand mission, in a letter dated August 18, 1943, reported the patriotic Hui Tau or conference which was held at Easter. She enclosed a copy of the June 1943 issue of the mission paper *Te Karere* containing reports on this mission-wide conference by both President Matthew Cowley and Sister Elva T. Cowley. An excerpt from President Cowley's report follows:

"It was decided some months ago that the Annual Conference this year would be in the nature of a campaign to raise funds for the war effort. At the outset there was some question as to the advisability of holding such a conference, but the success of the Hui has convinced all that it was one of the best missionary activities ever sponsored in New Zealand. How well the conference was conducted and the patriotic fund campaign was carried out is now well known, not only by those who were in attendance at the conference, but by people in all parts of the Dominion who have read the reports in the leading newspapers."

From Sister Cowley's report we quote: "For weeks the sisters of the Relief Society, as well as others, gave of their time and energy to raise money for their sons, husbands, fathers and brothers who are fighting so nobly for them. They sponsored concerts, programmes, held bazaars and dinners, etc. The Societies who were unable to contribute in these activities were generous with their money donations. Even though their energy and endurances were taxed to the utmost before the Hui, the women did not lose sight of their great obligation to make of it a spiritual success.

"On Easter morning, with a glorious blue sky overhead and the sun shining with a warm glow on all living things, they assembled in the big house to gain instruction and commemorate the resurrection of our Lord and Savior.

"Talks on education, spirituality, child welfare, Red Cross and home nursing, loyalty, cleanliness and thrift were given in both the Maori and English languages by women with a deep understanding of the Gospel and a wide knowledge of life."

In the afternoon the women again met to resume their work. This meeting took the form of discussion of general problems and questions.

Following are additional comments from Sister Cowley's letter:

"The policemen, whose duty it was to guard the grounds, commented that they had never had such an easy task. They found no empty liquor bottles which they said was most unusual with such a large gathering. The city officials also commended the Hui Tau committee on the way they left the show grounds. They commented that they were left cleaner than when they were turned over to us for the conference."

East Central States Mission

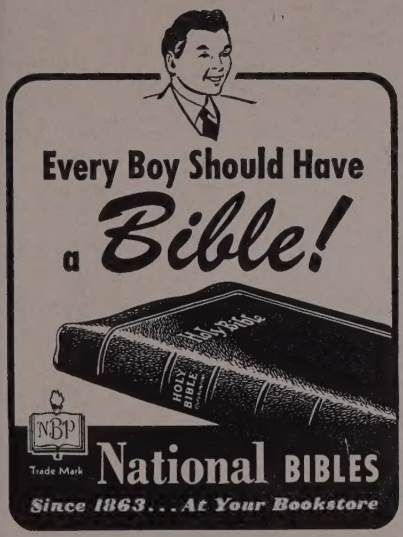
LEONE W. DOXEY, recently appointed president of Relief Societies in the East Central States Mission, wrote February 16, 1944, as follows:

"In Charlottesville, Virginia, where 'Monticello,' the famous home of Thomas Jefferson is located, an enthusiastic Relief Society was recently organized. Sister Amelia J. Hansen, one of our short-term missionaries from the Pasadena Stake, California, was very helpful in this organization.

"Sister Maggie S. Snow was appointed president. She has long been known in Charlottesville for her fine welfare work. She is often called, 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' for her efforts to improve the condition of the poor families, helping them to help themselves. Some wealthy people, observing her work, have made contributions to her from time to time, to aid in her projects.

"They are also doing a fine missionary work. Four members of their Relief Society, who did not belong to the Church, were baptized and confirmed recently. They have fifteen paid memberships, and are following a regular program of Relief Society activity.

"We are very proud of this organization and the fine women who are carrying on the work of Relief Society in Charlottesville."



ACCREDITED COMMERCIAL SCHOOLS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

LOOK AHEAD!

Make your business training broad enough for peace as well as war.

Prepare now for the needs—and opportunities—of tomorrow. L. D. S. Business College offers you excellent training and effective employment service.

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

70 North Main, Salt Lake City

EAT WELL! LIVE WELL! BE WELL!

WOMEN ARE RESPONSIBLE!

for the health and nourishment of the race. Before and after birth, and throughout life everyone of us is at the mercy of a woman's knowledge and skill in the selection, preparation and serving of FOOD. We are made or ruined by woman's knowledge and skill or lack of it. Women must not fail. They will not, if they will read and apply Mrs. Leah D. Widtsoe's

"HOW TO BE WELL"

576 pages filled with hundreds of delicious nourishing recipes and appetizing menus, based upon the newer knowledge of nutrition and inspired by the famous Latter-day Saint "Word of Wisdom."

Get this great book and give your loved ones a sound, long-time investment in the best of health insurance.

"HOW TO BE WELL" . . . $2.00

DESERET BOOK COMPANY

44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City 10, Utah
Publishers and Booksellers to the Church
"THE BOOK CENTER OF THE INTERMOUNTAIN WEST"

Safety Devices

Every man should be prepared for Life's emergencies.

For a pilot it's his parachute.

For financial security it's **LIFE INSURANCE.**

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE—BENEFICIAL LIFE BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH
HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT